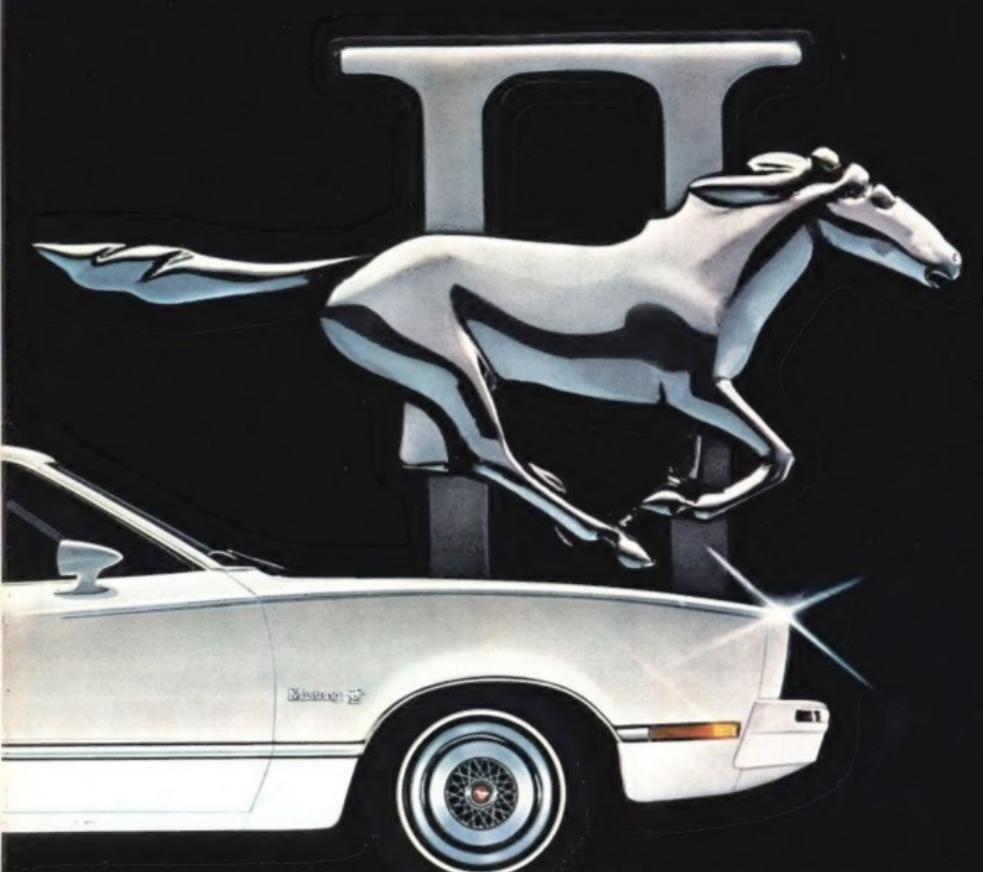




Introducing Ford Mustang II. The right car at the right time.





Shown here is the elegant
Mustang II Ghia.
For details and other models,
please turn page.



TWO-DOOR HARDTOP

Mustang II. A new class

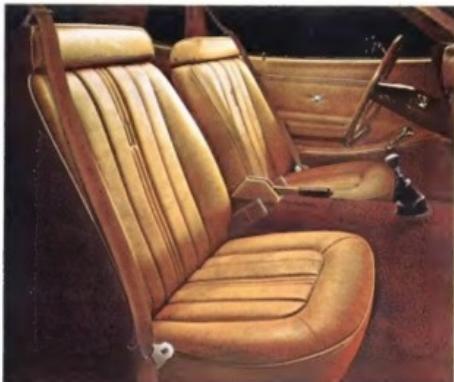


Every once in a long while, the right new car comes along at the right time. The original Mustang was that kind of car, back in 1964.

We think Mustang II is that kind of car today. It gives you all the economies of a new small size, all the luxury you could want, plus a level of jewel-like quality you never expected in a small car.

An impressive list of standard equipment.

An incredible interior (below) with individual seats, full-width headrests, deep padded



doors, thick cut-pile carpeting front and rear, and even on the lower door.

Beautifully functional instrument panel with tachometer.



- A glassy-smooth four-speed transmission; short throw, fully synchronized
- A lively but thrifty four-cylinder overhead cam engine.
- Front disc brakes.
- Rack-and-pinion steering.
- A unique suspension designed to ride more like a luxury car than a small car.
- Jewel-like decor and finish everywhere—one example: extra-bright moldings around windows and wheel openings... The closer you look, the better it looks.



THREE-DOOR 2+2 MODEL

of small car: First Class.

A remarkable choice of options and models.

Most small cars offer you relatively little choice of models or options.

Mustang II is different. You can almost design your own way of "going first class"—with some of these choices:



- Special luxury interiors like the one shown here, featuring elegant seat fabrics and patterns, 25-ounce cut-pile carpeting, special door panels with courtesy lights, and more.
- An exciting 2.8 liter V-6 engine.
- Power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering.



- A handsome digital clock (above).
- Competition suspension.
- A breezy little sun roof (below).

Mustang II comes in four models: 2-door hardtop and Ghia; 3-door 2+2 model;

and the sporty Mach 1.

See them at
your Ford Dealers.
Mustang II. More
than a new Mustang.
A whole new
class of small car:
First Class.

Yet with all this luxury and quality,
Mustang II still carries an economical
small-car price.

From the many exciting options available, the cars shown above are equipped with white sidewall tires, pin striping, rocker panel molding. Two-door hardtop also sports a vinyl roof. Standard interior on opposite page includes deluxe seat belts.

FORD MUSTANG II

FORD DIVISION



SOLID FORD

**With a new
young look and a
smooth
and steady ride.**

There's more excitement than ever in the solid mid-size.

Outside, the Gran Torino's been restyled, with a gleaming new front end, a new rear end design and even an optional opera window. (Standard on Gran Torino Brougham.)



Inside, the Gran Torino Broughams' split bench seats (seen here) add a touch of luxury and convenience.

And while you can love Torino for its looks, you can trust it because it's solid. Torino's sus-



1974 Gran Torino Brougham shown with optional deluxe bumper group, electric rear window defroster and convenience group.

TORINO '74



pension, wide track and long wheelbase help give it a smooth and steady ride that spells quiet comfort and confidence on the road. As do Torino's steel-belted radial ply tires and power front disc brakes. (If you want them.)

In fact, safety and security are part and parcel of Torino's design. And this year, Torino's Lifeguard-Design Safety Features include a

new style interlock safety belt system that lets you really move in your seat with ease and comfort.

See the complete Torino line at your Ford Dealers.

The closer you look, the better we look.



New optional fender skirts, power operated sun roof.



The solid mid-size.

FORD TORINO

FORD DIVISION





give johnny a chance . . .

Johnny loves his music. He has a good ear and wants to be a musician, a good musician. Help him achieve his goal. Give him a good instrument, a good teacher, plus a good tape recorder and, above all, a high-quality tape cassette such as TDK. It will help him become more discerning about the quality of music at an early age. And when he listens to what he has played, the quality of the original sound comes through with all its "real-life" warmth and feeling.

Furthering a love of good music through the manufacture of the highest quality magnetic tape products is one way TDK helps contribute to the social well-being of family life today. TDK is dedicated to raising the standards of sound reproduction and musical quality all over the world.

We won't compromise with Johnny's future because he's part of ours.



TDK's EXTRA DYNAMIC (ED), SUPER DYNAMIC (SD) and DYNAMIC (D) cassettes are available in 45, 60, 90, 120 and 180-minute lengths at quality sound shops and other fine stores.

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TDK

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You take care of today. We'll take care of tomorrow.

Life isn't always pets and playtime. That's why our agents plan a program for you to meet life: education for your children, retirement, a sudden emergency. All with day-to-day protection for your family. For the insurance plan that best fits your needs, remember our name.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE
A name to remember.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

For a newsman in a foreign country, the biggest problem usually is finding a way to send his story home. Thus, the first thing a correspondent learns wherever he goes is the location of the nearest cable office. But for Buenos Aires Bureau Chief Charles Eisendrath, a TIME correspondent since 1968, this classic rule was impossible to follow last week. Less than 24 hours after arriving in Santiago, Chile, for a long-awaited interview with President Salvador Allende Gossens, Eisendrath found a government collapsing and Allende dead—literally across the street from his lodgings in the Carrera-Sheraton Hotel. More than 48 hours passed before he could get a message out, and when he did it was brief: "I can't go anywhere. They're still shooting outside."

Tanks, in fact, were advancing past his window—just across Constitution Square from the beleaguered Moneda, the Presidential Palace—and raking the hotel's façade with gunfire; Chilean army fighters-bombers were streaking overhead. For a while, guests were ordered into the basement for safety; when Eisendrath returned to his room, he found machine gun bullets lodged in his ceiling.

As one of the few foreign journalists in Santiago, Eisendrath had a unique story to tell but almost no way to tell it. Rio Bureau Chief Rudolph Rauch, having hurried from Brazil to Buenos Aires to be closer to events, tried to phone Eisendrath for two days with no luck. "My principal worry," Rauch said, "was that the extraordinarily tight control imposed on communications by the military junta might keep TIME's exclusive too exclusive." Adding to that worry were the controls imposed on telephone conversations. "Calls have been limited to three minutes, and are a particularly exquisite form of torture: the three minutes begin as soon as the connection is made. Invariably the person you are calling comes on just in time to shout 'Who's this?' before the operator interrupts to tell you, 'Your three minutes are up. You may say goodbye.'

Eisendrath got his story out by combining his newsmen's instinct with a piece of luck. While traveling, he had taken the phone number of someone living in Mendoza, Argentina (where at least 60 foreign journalists were waiting at week's end to cross the Andes into Chile). Eisendrath gave the number a try. The phone lines were open—and unlimited. Eight pages of dictation later, the Mendoza contact ran to a local cable office and sent the story to Rauch in Buenos Aires. Rauch forwarded it to New York City, where Associate Editor Spencer Davidson wrote the story along with Reporter-Researcher Genevieve Wilson. Chile's military censors later asked Eisendrath for a copy of his report—which he promptly submitted. But by Friday the tension—and the shooting—had vanished, and Eisendrath emerged from the Carrera to walk through the relieved city.

Having been in Chile in the month of August, Rauch provided extensive background material on the present crisis. In one of his files, Rauch reported: "The only thing amusing about Eisendrath's predicament is what some other newsmen made of it. One of them asked Perón's rival, Ricardo Balbin, whether he felt the U.S. was responsible for the coup. 'After all, a special correspondent for TIME went to Santiago just hours before Allende's downfall,' the journalist explained, 'and doesn't that prove it?'"

Ralph P. Davidson

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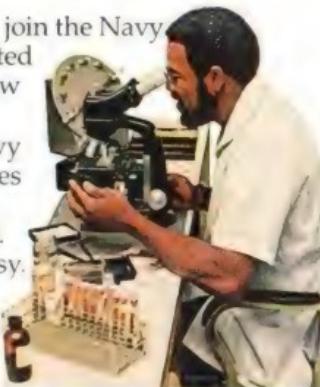


You can still join the Navy and get around; seeing the world is a Navy fact of life. You can still join the Navy and get away from the humdrum and the ordinary to the exciting and the involving. And you can still join the

get away, to get the girl. us to get ahead.

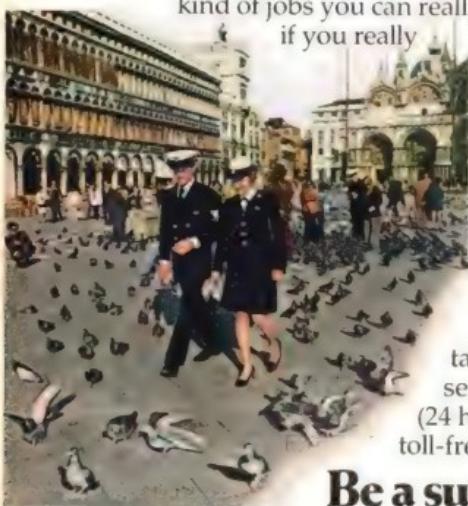
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LETTERS

Kissinger for State

Sir / While I too believe that Kissinger will most likely be confirmed for State, I wonder what divine authority you write "confirmed, as he deserves to be" [Sept. 3]. Have you presented Mr. K.'s unassailable qualifications for his nomination? Or shall we assume that he "deserves" it as a conviction for some misdeed? Perhaps it is that you believe he should be confirmed.

LLOYD SHIRMAN
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir / What has Mr. Kissinger achieved so far? A temporary truce in Viet Nam—by giving legality to over 200,000 rebel Viet Cong troops—that nobody of sound mind would have agreed to.

He has opened new roads to China and Russia and helped in signing the nuclear disarmament treaty with the latter, thus slowly destroying the only American power left. And more of the same will come.

JOVAN D. SAVICH
Chicago

Sir / As the proponent of a dynamic, flexible, goal-directed foreign policy, Henry Kissinger is the perfect man to shake up Foggy Bottom. He will surely bring a new style and attitude to the conduct of American foreign policy. Perhaps now we will see an increase in the ability of the U.S. to influence world affairs in proportion to our economic, military and industrial strength.

JOSPH G. LAW JR.
Mobile, Ala.

Sir / Mr. Kissinger lends a touch of class to a very uncouth Administration.

MICHAEL LEVIN
Roslyn Estates, N.Y.

Confession and Communion

Sir / I can't tell you how I enjoyed your article "When to Confess" [Sept. 3]. I am 14 and have been raised a Roman Catholic, but I haven't been to confession for a year and a half, purely because I no longer believe in it. The idea that the Vatican disapproves of waiting for the sacrament of penance till a child is nine or ten burns me up. I know the definition of sin, yet I have no sense of sin. I ask God for forgiveness at least once a week for all my sins, consciously or unconsciously committed. When I used to go to confession, most of the sins were half made up, so what good was confession to me anyway?

RIMA N. SIENAS
Eric, Pa.

Sir / Ecumenism is being dealt a further blow, and the warm humanity of the dead Pope John is being eroded by the ascetic Bishop of Rome who now requires toddlers to lie in the confessional. "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned in the bed."

HAROLD L. FAYON
Margate City, N.J.

Sir / To receive Holy Communion in the Catholic Church worthily, one must believe that he participates in the actual sacrifice of the cross of Christ, in the eating of this same sacrifice, made present on the altar. He must believe that he eats the physical body and blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ.

It would seem that, in all cases, one who can understand and assent to this would have the intellect to understand simple sin. It would not be unreasonable, therefore,

fore, that he should go to confession before Holy Communion.

Maybe Holy Communion is given to young persons too soon, but anyone who can worthily receive Holy Communion can worthily receive the sacrament of penance.

C. KENNETH MILES
Springhill, La.

Steadfastly Obsolescent

Sir / Re your Essay: many of us never abandoned those "obsolescent" ideas [Sept. 3]. We felt that the new ideas were based more on wishful thinking than on fact. We call ourselves "conservatives."

FRANK S. QUINN
Charlottesville, Va.

Sir / Maybe it is time for some really new ideas, such as dissolution of the 50 states, making us the United States of America; collection and isolation of all drug addicts for rehabilitation—as they would be if they suffered leprosy and were thus considered a threat to the population; no births for a year; consistent behavior by the executive who now endorses the Watergate hearings but is mendacious in his own office.

JAMES A. HARRIS
New York City

A Marine Defends Argos

Sir / I was at the Battle for Argos [Aug. 27]. Though it is true, as David De Voss reports, that we Marine Corps reservists bitch and moan, the men did a hell of a job working with the regulars on this operation. They not only battled the Yerminites (aggressors) but the hot blistering sun, snakes, scorpions and the rest of nature's elements and pests. Mr. De Voss chose to write about a few insignificant, petty remarks. Why did he not write about the harsh conditions and how the men faced with them, the harmony of the reservists and the regulars working side by side, the effort and time that went into this operation? If and when we are called upon to do our country's job again, maybe we will remember Argos and the time that we took to prepare ourselves to save our country's life and heritage.

We do find it difficult to find good men, but with articles like this what else can you expect?

DET. P.C. DECHIRICO
H&S Co. 6th MT BN
Middlesex, N.J.

A Protest from Peoria

Sir / Please identify the Peoria that John Ehrlichman and others refer to by saying, "It'll play in Peoria" [Sept. 3]. If they mean that the citizens of Peoria, Ill., will settle for less than the whole truth about Watergate, then they are dead wrong.

DANIEL EAST
Peoria, Ill.

Another Mary Tyler Moore

Sir / I can think of several reasons why actress Valerie Harper might want to leave her good looks with unwashed hair and baggy caftans for her part as Rhoda in *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, but to appear as "a plausibly bachelor career girl" is not one of them [Sept. 3].

In fact, the most plausible representation of a single working woman (only a male

chauvinist would use the terms bachelor and girl to refer to a mature woman) is someone who is trim, well groomed and stylishly dressed—much like Mary Tyler Moore herself.

REBECCA GRIER
Articles Editor
Woman's Day
New York City

The Big What?

Sir / It will be surprising if the guardians of Women's Liberation let you get away with calling Mrs. King, Court and Goold going the big *triumvirate* of distaff tennis [Aug. 27]. Surely you meant to say the big *triumvillate*.

GEORGE D. VAUGHN
Bethany, Conn.

A Piano for Mozart, Please

Sir / As one pianist who has been struggling, like the artists you describe [Sept. 3], with poor concert grands in many musical centers of the Western world, including Paris, London, Brussels and Zurich, I would like to find out when Steinway & Sons (the) and large the best piano makers in the world) will stop making concert grands geared exclusively for the Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, Liszt, Prokofiev type of works and start making again lovely, mellow-sounding instruments suited to playing Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann.

ANDREW FOLDES
London

Sir / While I agreed, as you quoted me in your article "Concert Not-So-Grands," that it is hard to find the technicians and materials of days gone by for the building of fine pianos, or anything else for that matter, I went on unhesitatingly to remark that

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LETTERS

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JACK ROMANN
Manager
Concert and Artist Department
Baldwin Piano & Organ Co.
New York City

The Ethics of the Soap Box Derby

Sir / The uncle of the disqualified Soap Box Derby winner who admitted suggesting an illegal device [Sept. 10] seemed to be operating under a set of ethical principles known as the Watergate Rationale. 1) Winning is all that counts. 2) If we had not been caught there would have been nothing wrong. 3) The competition was probably doing the same thing, so this was just a case of getting an even break. 4) But now that we have been caught, we realize that we made a mistake. 5) Please believe that our previous victories were won honestly.

I hope that the Senate inquiry will help end this era of questionable ethics.

J. GORDON LEEDS
South Pasadena, Calif.

Israel and Oil

Sir / The public boycotting of Chevron stations in response to the letter from the chairman of Standard Oil Co. of California urging temperance toward the Arabs [Aug. 20] is indicative of deep Israeli influence, and of the widespread lack of understanding of the Palestinian problem. Perhaps some day the pro-Israel viewpoint will be weakened by a boycott of the public by the Chevron stations, owing to lack of Arab oil.

PETER VAJANOFF
Nürnberg, West Germany

When Scaremongering Will Stop

Sir / May I add a dimension to the bearishness you attribute to me and other "scaremongers" in your story "Selling Gloom" [Aug. 20]?

Our troubles today stem from the inadequacy of the Nixon Administration in the discharge of its responsibility for managing the economy. Other policies can and will be made, and they will work. When they do, I will be happy to be a bull again.

ERIE JANE WAY
New York City

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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Speaking Up for New York City

Sir / Your report concerning crime in the Virgin Islands [Aug. 27] attempts to define it in these terms: "A homicide rate higher than that of New York City."

I think all New Yorkers are beginning to resent such references to our city. Certainly there is too much crime in New York City, but there is also a massive anti-crime effort. Surely TIME has received the latest FBI reports showing that of the nation's 25 largest cities, 18 have overall rates of crime higher than New York's.

And while you are factually correct when you say that the Virgin Islands has "a homicide rate higher than that of New York City," it is gratuitous and unfair to cite New York for that tragic comparison. The fact is that among the nation's major cities, Detroit, Washington, St. Louis, New Orleans, Cleveland, Baltimore, Chicago, Memphis, San Antonio, Dallas, Houston and Philadelphia all have 1973 homicide rates higher than New York's.

To be that far down the list is the result of many factors, including a great deal of hard work and sacrifice by New York's police department. Yes, it is small comfort to anyone, because we still have a long way to go. But that is precisely why the fight for public safety continues as the top priority of New York City and most city governments in this country.

JOHN V. LINDBEY
Mayor
New York City

A Suggestion for Bobby

Sir / Your article about Bobby Riggs, "How Bobby Runs and Talks, Talks, Talks," says that he plays with many handicaps [Sept. 10]. I have another one to suggest to him, and that is not to talk for one whole day, before, during and after a match. That is something he could never do.

STEPHANIE BECKER
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Sir / He may have the biggest ego since Napoleon and resort to anything in order to win his varied wagers. But he has got many men over 40 out of their easy chairs and onto a jogging track or tennis court. For this reason, and this reason alone, Bobby Riggs is the man of the hour.

DOUGLAS R. HOLM
Tucson, Ariz.

Sir / Who does Bobby Riggs think he is? The Merchant of Tennis?

JOHN PILE
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Sir / Your cover of Bobby Riggs makes a perfect bull's-eye for my dart board.

MICHAEL A. SIMMONS
Austin, Texas

Sir / Bobby Riggs is a menace to tennis. His antics demean the game, as does his attitude toward women participants. I would like to see this clown prince beaten into the ground by a female opponent.

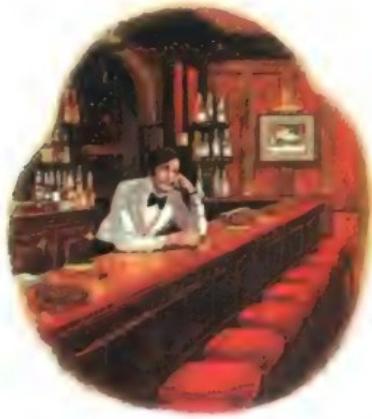
PETER HAHN
Farpon Springs, Fla.

Sir / On Sept. 20, may Dumbo fly over and drop a wet noodle on Bobby Riggs' head.

JULIE SCOTT
Denver

Sir / I met Bobby Riggs at the seniors' tournament in this city last winter, and found him chivalrous, courteous, and very charming. He was not a bad tennis player either.

EDWARD THOMAS ELLIOTT MONTGOMERY
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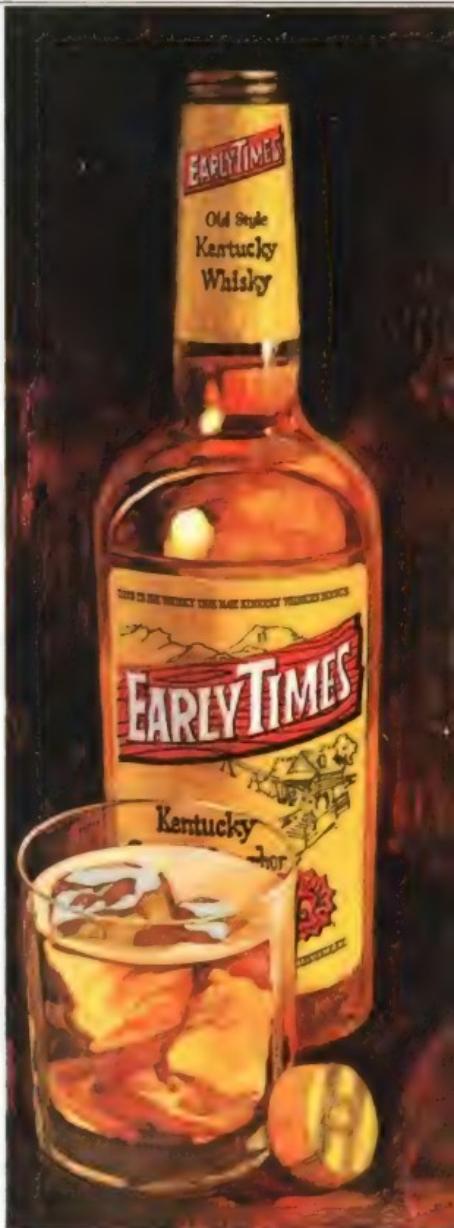
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Emerson Chipps stopped by the
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a bourbon and soda.

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evening since 1953.

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On October 28, 1972,
they did not.

Goodbye, Mr. Chipps.



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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Waterbury Tales

Watergate has spawned a veritable cottage-cheese industry of humor, parody, songs and stories, all looking for the bright aside on one of the nation's darker episodes. Perhaps the brightest and best of the topical genre appeared last week in the New Republic, written by Chicago's Judith Wax, 42, a humorist best known for her annual summaries in verse of the year's news in Playboy. Her model was Chaucer, who would surely have understood Watergate as well as any other bygone man, and her mode mock Middle English, including pseudo-scholarly footnotes.

Whan that Junne with hys sunshyn soote
The Capitol hath dazzled to the roote
And blossoms bloome on the cherry,
Then folk break in and bugge Waterbury

A good WYF was ther, Mr. Mitchell's
owne;
Wel koude she carp upon his telehone.
She lyk to tel the papers, quote-unquote:
"Dorst noon can mak myn housband a
scapegoate."

The MITCHELL was a stout and placyd
type,
Ful byg he was, and suckyn on hys pype
"The Whyt Hous Horrors had not my
accorde.
But all was mete to reelect Milord."

The CHAIRMAN off wolle set hys brows
to crysple.
He clept hymself a Country Lawyer
Syngle
A badde man or fals wolle hym mak
syckyn.
Men koud hym trust for used car or fryd
chycykyn."

The BAKER was a faire and deep-voiced
boyne.
Had wed of royl blood from Illinoye
So certeynly didst Howyrd pleas the crowde.
A sta was born (lyk Lancelot of Louid).

A CLERK OF LAW was too, a John of
DEANE.
He borrowed gold to wed the Maid
Maureene.
Hys memory was ful; of dates koude
answyr.
"I warred Milord," quod he, "of Creeping
Cancyr."

The LYDDY has a mustache and byg
chartysre.
For kyndappyngs and wyrtaps and tartyse.
What tale koud tell? Is thys some kind of
Nute?
In galoot y-sits and keeps hys lippes shutte.

ULASEWICZ ther also was, forsooth,
Koud wel hide gold in any olde phone
booth.
Koud gette Hernya (shold watch hys
steppen).
From so much hevy laundry bugs
y-schleppen

The LORD he reigned in Ovl² Olfs sphere.
Ful oft strove he to mak thyngs parfaint
clere.
But wonder, though it get him legal scrapes,
He, verayly, refus to clere The Tapsey.

A HALDEMAN ther came, a crew-cut
oon:
Foks syed he ran the Whyt Hous like a Hun.
But strang, whan he befor Committee satte.
So misde was he as any pussye catte

The EHRLICHMAN explan the word
"coverte."
(He look lyk he eat babys for desserte).
He trow, to save the Nation from the Pynekes,
"Milord hath Rights Divine to burgl
Shrynknes."³

Thus spak the PATRYK GRAY, a baldyng
guye.
"Ful wel I loved to serv the FBVe,
But shame, I burnd the fyls and sore hav
synnd
And dizzy-grow from hangyn slow, slow in
the wynd."

Thys was the merrye crew, on TV cache.
And who can say if cumen in impeachē?
Nor yet whych man will ansyr to what
crysme?
No oon can know, at Thysse Poynt in Tyme

"A holy bird thought to have first been discovered by the White Knight of Sanders. Even the simplest peasants undertook frequent pilgrimages to its shrines, hoping to bring home enough bones for the whole family."

"Hokeypokey." Some disagree on exact translation. Some say it is "Oval" (i.e., a place where you can't be cornered). Others claim, "Offal" (hawdry) or "Awful" (irare).

"That is, except when he mak thyngs parfaint obscure."

"In medieval times, a doctor thought to be of help in 'gettyngh thē together'."



VICE PRESIDENT SPIRO AGNEW

THE VICE PRESIDENCY

Agnew's Case

The charges of political corruption against Vice President Spiro Agnew grew more serious last week. Although he has publicly dismissed them as "damned lies," he was notified that the Justice Department considers them of sufficient gravity for a federal grand jury in Baltimore to be allowed to hear the evidence against him. The jury probably will begin doing so this week.

While Justice Department officials refused to comment on the development, other sources close to the case confirmed that Attorney General Elliot Richardson had decided that the grand jury should look into the matter. They warned, however, that this does not necessarily mean that Richardson or the Justice Department's prosecutor in the case, U.S. Attorney George Beall, have decided to ask the grand jury to indict Agnew. TIME has learned that the Justice Department is, in fact, leaning toward a unique course: rather than seeking an indictment, it may ask the grand jury after hearing the case to issue a report (technically a "presentment") on its findings and to transmit it to the House of Representatives as the basis for possible impeachment proceedings against the Vice President. The jury in this event would be acting as a preliminary investigative body.

Jurisdiction Fight. Such a course would be designed to avoid a protracted legal struggle over the constitutional question of whether a Vice President must be impeached before facing any criminal charges in the courts. But TIME has learned that such a clash may be imminent anyway. Agnew's lawyers intend to fight any such action as illegal, on the constitutional argument that the grand jury has no jurisdiction over the Vice President unless or until he is first

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ATTORNEY GENERAL ELLIOT RICHARDSON IN JUSTICE DEPARTMENT OFFICE

Goes to the Grand Jury

impeached by the House of Representatives and removed from office after a trial in the Senate.

Soon after the grand jury begins hearing any evidence against Agnew, his attorneys will file a motion in federal district court seeking a restraining order to block any such testimony. It presumably will ask District Judge Walter E. Hoffman, who was appointed to oversee the Maryland grand jury's work, for the order. Even if the jury does not seek to indict Agnew, and its proceedings are designed to gather evidence for transmission to the House, the Agnew lawyers will contend that this unprecedented action would be a breach of the Constitution's separation of power between the branches of Government.

Thus the courts may soon be faced with having to decide another basic constitutional issue in which there are no clear precedents, as in the struggle for access to the President's Watergate-related tapes. There have been no prior decisions on whether grand jury proceedings are proper against a sitting Vice President. Although there is no indication that President Nixon is in danger of indictment, one of his arguments against the Watergate grand jury's demand for the tapes was similar to the expected Agnew claim: that the grand jury has no authority to touch the President unless he is first impeached and removed from office. Legal scholars differ on whether the President and Vice President are in precisely the same position under the law on this point.

The Baltimore grand jury is not expected to ask the Vice President to testify before it. If asked, however, Agnew will refuse, since he is challenging the grand jury's authority over him. But the jury is expected to call various Agnew

associates, as well as contractors, consultants and developers who won contracts from Baltimore County at a time when Agnew was County Executive and from the State of Maryland when Agnew was its Governor. Some have told federal prosecutors that they made or handled regular payoffs to Agnew in return for the profitable work. One reason for calling them before the grand jury is to see if they will stick to their stories under oath.

Apart from his constitutional defense, Agnew will eventually contend in the case that he never received any such money for his personal use. If these men did make any payments, he will argue, it was in the form of political campaign contributions that were handled by his fund raisers. If any favoritism was shown such donors, he will insist, it was done by his various subordinates in government, not by him.

Many Reports. Agnew last week refused comment on a flurry of reports that he has received free food and liquor, a reduction in the rent of his apartment, and even cash from friends. First, CBS-TV reported that the Agnews received a special "celebrity" rate on the apartment they formerly occupied in Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel, owned by a subsidiary of ITT. (It turned out that they paid between \$850 and \$900 a month on an apartment that normally rents for \$1,900.) Then the New York Times reported that the Agnews regularly got free food from Joseph H. Rash, vice president of the Food Fair supermarket chain. The *Wall Street Journal* reported that Agnew frequently received liquor and wine from J. Walter Jones, a wealthy Maryland political associate of Agnew who is also a target of the Maryland grand jury, and some

\$15,000 in cash from Harry Dundore, a retired tool manufacturer and longtime Agnew friend.

Officials for the Sheraton-Park defended the Vice President's rent discount as routine for national celebrities whose residence at the hotel would enhance its reputation and attract more business. (Others who got similar discounts, according to the hotel, included Hostess Perle Mesta, television's Lawrence Spivak, former Democratic National Chairman Larry O'Brien, former Treasury Secretary John Connally and former Chief Justice Earl Warren.) Rash said his gifts were "strictly on a personal, family, nonpolitical basis." Neither Dundore nor Jones would comment. Agnew's press secretary, J. Marsh Thomson, said he would not comment "on anything in the realm of gifts exchanged between friends."

While clearly petty compared with the political-corruption charges, such gifts do raise serious ethical questions. President Eisenhower's top aide, Sherman Adams, resigned in 1958 after it became known he had accepted gifts including a vicuña coat from Industrialist Bernard Goldfine. Abe Fortas resigned in 1969 from the Supreme Court when it was revealed that he had accepted \$20,000 from a foundation headed by Financier Louis Wolfsen, for which he was an adviser.

TIME has learned that federal investigators are examining the \$15,000 gift to the Vice President from his friend, Dundore, to be sure that it is not a deliberate ruse to explain personal funds in Agnew's bank accounts that he could not otherwise account for. They have no reason to believe that Dundore would be a party to any such scheme, or that Agnew would, either, but they want to make sure.



JURORS WHO WILL HEAR AGNEW EVIDENCE
Another clash over the Constitution.



SEPTEMBER SCENES: A GAIN FOR DUANE THOMAS OF THE WASHINGTON REDSKINS



STUDENTS AT BOSTON UNIVERSITY

THE MOOD

Autumn in the Shade of Watergate

After the anguished and uncertain spring and summer of Watergate, there was something deceptively reassuring in the return to the familiar rhythms of September. For President, Vice President, for the nation, there was as yet no real sense of crisis; all the grave questions were yet to be satisfactorily answered and trust was yet to be restored. But the true American new year begins each autumn with the end of vacations, the recall to jobs and schools, fresh starts on the ordinary business of life, the resumption of friendly routines.

High Prices. With Sam Ervin's committee still in recess, local preoccupations could get a hearing. Los Angeles and Denver laid plans for new mass transit systems. California's legislature voted to restore the death penalty for eleven specific categories of offenses, ranging from killing a policeman to causing a fatality by willfully wrecking a train; the state thus hoped to meet the Supreme Court's objections to indiscriminate capital punishment. South Dakota and Missouri debated ways to make their state governments more efficient. Portland, Ore., talked of saving electricity by eliminating high school football games on Friday nights. Nude bathers in San Diego opposed city fathers' plans to turn a stretch of secluded beach into a public park. Bakersfield, Calif., worried that a proposed atomic power plant might somehow pollute its water supply. The people of Cherokee County in Alabama complained that pesticides sprayed on cotton fields had poisoned thousands of fish, birds, rabbits and squirrels, as well as three cows.

Almost everywhere farmers reveled in the record high prices for their harvests. In Ramsey County in the heart of North Dakota's wheat country, people told the tale of the farmer on the

verge of selling his durum wheat for \$7.20 per bu. (compared with \$1.35 last year) who slipped out to the toilet. By the time he returned, the price had jumped 60¢. In Maine, clam diggers pocketed \$18 per bu. for clams that brought \$10 per bu. last year. Tuna harpooneers sold their catches for 65¢ per lb., compared with 15¢ last year. The food producer's gain was, of course, the consumer's bane. In reaction to high food prices, Americans sought ways to stretch their food dollars. As one answer, Southern Californians took out hunting licenses at a record rate.

There were other diversions as well. Just in time for the start of the professional football season, the nation's premier telephone quarterback, Richard Nixon, signed legislation banning television blackouts of home games sold out 72 hours in advance of the kickoff. That will enable tens of thousands of local fans to watch their favorite teams play, though owners fear that it might depress ticket sales. Houston got ready for this week's show-biz spectacular in the Astrodome—the tennis match between Bobby Riggs and Billie Jean King. In Pittsburgh, 31,860 people, some after enduring a twelve-mile-long traffic jam, toured the first jumbo jet to land at the municipal airport.

Trying to take advantage of the seasonal spirit, Nixon intensified his campaign to rebuild his public image. He delivered to Congress a 15,000-word second State of the Union message, which called for action on more than 50 previously presented legislative proposals. Curiously, it devoted only a few sentences to the need for reform of campaign practices, one of Watergate's clearest lessons. Moreover, the message asked only for a study, not specific reforms. He discussed crime prevention

with law-enforcement officials, met with state Republican leaders at the White House, and succeeded in getting Congress to sustain his veto of the emergency medical services bill, which would have provided \$185 million for local health agencies. It was a carefully planned show of presidential visibility, designed to advertise his contention that the Watergate crisis was behind him and he was ready—if Congress was willing—to "get on with the business of government [and] to complete the people's business."

Even as the President campaigned for normalcy, Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox and Presidential Counsel Charles Alan Wright resumed their courtroom debate over access to the presidential tape recordings and documents that Cox needs to do his job. Two federal grand juries continued their deliberations on the Watergate and related scandals.

Ugly Mess. The Senate Watergate committee postponed resumption of its public hearings until Sept. 24 and now intends to conclude them by the unexpectedly early date of Nov. 1. One reason for the delay was to give the staff more time to prepare for the final two subjects under study: campaign "dirty tricks" and improper use of funds in the 1972 presidential election. Another was the unavailability of former Presidential Special Counsel Charles Colson, the most important witness the committee had planned to hear in concluding its examination of the Watergate wiretapping. He may be indicted soon on federal charges involving the burglary of the office of Pentagon Papers Defendant Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist (see page 24). In Southern California's San Fernando Valley, Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak interviewed 94 voters in two precincts that have supported Nixon for years and found that by better than three to one they wanted the Ervin hearings to continue.



VICTORY FOR DETROIT'S COLEMAN YOUNG



STROLLER ON FIFTH AVENUE



CLAM DIGGER ON MAINE BEACH



CORN FROM NEBRASKA HARVEST

Certainly most professional Republicans want the investigations ended, and for practical reasons. At a meeting of the G.O.P. National Committee in Washington, party leaders argued that inflation would be the dominant issue in next fall's elections. But they agreed that Watergate has damaged morale so badly that even state Republican parties are having difficulty raising funds, signing up volunteers and finding candidates for local office. In a series of three articles published by the New York *Times*, Senator Barry Goldwater urged Nixon to exorcise Watergate by reaching a compromise with the Ervin committee on their dispute over his tape recordings "to clear the air and get this ugly mess behind him."

Despite the malaise or perhaps because of it, former Treasury Secretary John Connally kicked off a nationwide speaking tour—his first as a Republican—by appearing at a meeting of the California state Republican central committee in San Diego, which was heavily

dominated by supporters of Governor Ronald Reagan. Connally's reception was warm but watery; the convention's reaction seemed to be that he had yet to demonstrate to his party a loyalty that is strong as his presidential ambitions.

Both Connally and Goldwater agreed that Watergate's repercussions were wider than the G.O.P. Wrote the Arizona Senator: "The reverberations of scandal and corruption will shoot through both major parties and create real trouble for incumbents." A Gallup poll found that while voter identification with the Republican Party has dropped four points since the 1972 election, to 24%, those who said they were Democrats has stayed at 43%. The only increase has been among those who consider themselves members of neither party.

Growing Cynicism. Governors and mayors are having to contend with a growing suspicion of politicians and cynicism about government. In Atlanta, a supporter of Democratic Mayoral Candidate Maynard Jackson exclaimed "These days a politician is about three cuts below a used-car salesman." Says Ohio Governor John Gilligan: "I don't visit a town that the question isn't asked. 'Why do all you politicians turn out to be crooks?'" Gilligan cites that attitude to explain why less than 20% of Toledo's voters went to the polls in the recent municipal election, compared with the usual 40%.

To help restore confidence, Michigan Governor William Milliken has exhorted state employees to take extra pains in handling the public, "to deal in human terms—not bureaucratic terms." Every Saturday, Illinois Governor Daniel Walker has made walking tours of towns in his state, shaking hands and talking with people. He explains: "People want their executives out where they can see them and talk to them." Other Governors hope that the Watergate climate will facilitate passage of reform legislation, such as a political ethics bill

being pushed by Missouri Governor Christopher ("Kit") Bond that would permit closer public scrutiny of lobbying and campaign financing.

A special effort to stress honesty and integrity is being made by some candidates, such as Democrat Brendan Byrne in his campaign against Republican Charles Sandman Jr. for Governor of New Jersey. But, for the most part, the issues are ones that have become all too familiar in recent years: taxes, crime and race. Last week voters in Detroit selected a white career law-enforcement officer, Police Commissioner John F. Nichols, 54, and a black state senator, Coleman Young, 55, as candidates for mayor. Nichols, who campaigns with a pistol tucked in his belt, stressed law-and-order and drew 98% of the white vote. Young, who at times carries a pistol of his own, called his opponent "Blackjack Nichols" and promised to end heavyhanded police tactics in minority neighborhoods. He drew 98% of the black vote. Since Detroit has slightly more white voters than black, Nichols was favored to win the election Nov. 6.

But for all the local preoccupations and private distractions in the quickening pace of autumn, the sum of concerns represented by Watergate and its abuses of public trust and presidential power still hung in the air. The astonishing bundle of national contradictions remained: most Americans are weary of Watergate but they nonetheless want Ervin, Cox & Co. to finish their appointed tasks and probe it to its roots. Most Americans want to see Nixon finish out his term as President, but they still believe he is guilty of impeachable crimes. Most Americans, in spite of everything, still see Nixon as the best man now around to be their President, but they do not feel well governed. F. Scott Fitzgerald once observed rather wistfully that "the test of a first-rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time and still retain the ability to function." The U.S. is, in a fashion, doing just that in myriad diverse and individual ways.

THE PRESIDENCY / HUGH SIDEY

Of Reconciliation and Detachment

For the past few days it has seemed like old times in the United States Government. There have been the usual fusillades of idiocy from right and left, but beneath that there have been the first faint stirrings of concerned men ready to sit down together and try to make things work.

There one morning in the family dining room were Speaker of the House Carl Albert and the 260 pounds of Boston's Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill Jr., Majority Leader, both Democrats once considered unworthy of presidential attention.

Tip O'Neill, back in his dim political beginnings, used to play a lot of poker with Congressman Nixon, and for a few minutes there was some of that youthful congeniality. They compared golf handicaps and chortled about the political effects of being seen together. Tip took Nixon on a fascinating tour of his Boston precincts, explaining that the dock workers knew a hell of a lot more about Nixon's trade legislation than the businessmen because the dock workers lived off it.

The two Democrats who so rarely have been invited into such sacred premises were offered scrambled or poached eggs, sausage or bacon or both, English muffins or toast. The elegant White House waiters passed those 80¢ Flamenco No. 1 cigars. All of that didn't prevent Albert and O'Neill from giving blunt assessments about the prospects for Nixon's legislative proposals, but they went back to Congress having been part of a dialogue, not schoolchildren summoned for another flip-chart show by Haldeman and Ehrlichman.

The next evening about a hundred Congressmen came to the state dining room for no other reason than to try to buck up the President and try to heal the breach between the Hill and the White House. There were the splash of good bourbon over ice and the low, mellow rumble of men talking politics. Now and then the President seemed almost stunned that there was so much affability left in his world. A grateful Nixon thanked the men for coming, noting, "If people run away from politics, we will never have good government."

Despite all the pressures on politicians now, there was still a kind of unity. Nixon said, "It had always been that way, even in the Civil War. And that reminded him of Abraham Lincoln's problems with favor seekers. "Lincoln was always saying yes when he meant no, and he had to apologize to his Cabinet." Nixon told the group. "Lincoln said that if he had been a woman he would have been in trouble. Then Lincoln paused and said, 'My ugliness would have saved me.'" Nixon said that as he had walked through the group, four of them had asked about pet projects. "You see I have the same problem that Lincoln had," Nixon said, "and I've got the same kind of face."

These flurries of reconciliation have occurred before, and then they have come to nothing under onslaughts of arrogance and indifference by the White House wrecking crew. The difference now is that good and reasonable men like Laird and Harlow and Haig are nurturing this rehabilitation. So there is reason to hope.

Of course, manners maketh men, not policies, and it will take more than affability and good intentions to repair the moral ravages of Watergate. The President still maintains a curious attitude of detachment from the White House and the office of the Presidency. He continues to view the Watergate scandal from the wings, implying that it was something done by people he hardly knew and for whom he was not responsible. His new State of the Union message last week left the clear impression that he feels Congress is almost entirely responsible for not producing an adequate legislative program. It is as if he perceives his duty to be to list his wants, then fly off and wait for somebody else to get the job done.

One Nixon view of the national moral crisis is that it is the work of the press that insists on pointing out the problems. The actions of the White House somehow are not considered as consequential as the reports on them.

The history of the Presidency shows not much got done when Presidents spent their time looking for others to blame for the nation's woes. The men remembered are the ones who shouldered the responsibility, went to work and solved the problems, no matter who created them.

NIXON AT BREAKFAST WITH CONGRESSIONAL LEADERS



FORMER PRESIDENTIAL AIDE CHARLES COLSON

WATERGATE

The Tough Guy

Of all the assorted characters in the sordid Watergate cast, Charles Colson was widely viewed in Washington as the wildest, the sickest operator and thus the least likely to be charged with a crime. So quick to deny any personal wrongdoing, so soluble in defending the innocence of the President, Colson often seemed to be protesting too much. Federal prosecutors apparently thought so, too. TIME has learned that the former White House special counsel not only may be among the first former officials to be indicted by Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox's grand jury but that he is under investigation as the possible source of the White House pressure that kept the Watergate wiretapping plan alive until it was finally approved.

Fully Aware. When the indictment comes, possibly this week, it most likely will charge Colson with involvement in the burglary of the office of Dr. Lewis Fielding, the psychiatrist who had treated Daniel Ellsberg. But the federal prosecutors are determined to seek confirmation of their suspicions that Colson (who had arranged for the White House hiring of Plumber E. Howard Hunt and was close to Hunt's partner G. Gordon Liddy) was a power behind the Liddy-Hunt wiretapping.

Colson has admitted to investigators that he met with Hunt and Liddy in early 1972 to discuss a political-intelligence-gathering plan after the then Attorney General John Mitchell had twice rejected it. He has also admitted telephoning Jeb Stuart Magruder, then deputy director of Nixon's re-election committee, to urge that the plan be approved. But he claims that he did not know that the scheme involved illegal

wiretapping of Democratic National Headquarters. The prosecutors are pursuing the possibility that Colson was fully aware of the nature of the project.

The evidence implicating Colson in the Fielding office burglary is more complete. Investigators have acquired the transcript of a telephone call between Hunt and Colson on July 1, 1971 (which Colson had secretly recorded), in which they discussed the need to "nail" Ellsberg. Hunt was hired by the White House as a consultant one week later. Hunt then wrote a memo to Colson detailing ways to injure Ellsberg's public reputation. It suggested gaining access to the psychiatrist's Ellsberg file. Colson reportedly relayed the memo to Egil Krogh and David Young, the White House plumbers assigned to plug news leaks, and urged its implementation. Finally, Colson has admitted raising the private funds (he says \$2,000; other sources say \$5,000) to finance the Hunt-Liddy trip to Fielding's office, although Colson insists that he did not know the money was to be used for that purpose.

Colson will be in familiar company when the Cox indictments are returned, since Krogh and the plumbers' supervisor, John Ehrlichman, are expected to be charged in connection with the Fielding raid. Young has been granted partial immunity. Krogh, Ehrlichman and Young were indicted on burglary charges by a local grand jury in Los Angeles. But Cox is expected to level a more serious charge, probably conspiracy to violate the civil rights of Ellsberg, and the California authorities will presumably allow the federal prosecution to take precedence.

More Disliked. Colson's troubles are not likely to sadden his former White House colleagues. He was probably more disliked, as well as feared, than any other White House aide. Even that awesome guardian of the Oval Office, H.R. Haldeman, was one of Colson's harshest critics. He once complained to a subordinate that "Colson is always doing things behind my back." Explains another former aide: "Haldeman had no control over Colson. He detested him, but he couldn't do anything. John Mitchell hated Colson too. With those two against you, you have to have something powerful going for you to survive that long in the White House."

What Colson had going for him was the ear and the admiration of the President. Colson had avidly cultivated that contact. Shortly after arriving at the White House, he had met Nixon a dozen times but complained, "The President doesn't even know who I am." Once a corporation lawyer and lobbyist, as well as an assistant to former Massachusetts Senator Leverett Saltonstall, Colson had been hired by Presidential Counsellor Bryce Harlow as a political tactician. He proceeded to exploit his friendships with many labor leaders. Colson gained Nixon's appreciation with his advice on how the President could gain labor support for his re-elec-

tion—advice that seems to have been successful.

Colson's exact duties were always a mystery to most of the staff, but they were almost solely political. "He worked for the President's re-election full time for four years," says one staff member. Colson secretly turned papers face down and closed his desk drawers when colleagues entered his office, which some of them sarcastically termed "The Office of False Impressions."

Nixon liked the fertility of Colson's mind. Dick Howard, Colson's former assistant, used to boast: "The President calls Chuck five or six times a day. Colson is the President's window on the world." A subtle campaign by Haldeman, supported by Mitchell ("I wonder if the President really knows what Colson is like," Mitchell once mused at a small meeting), eventually closed that window by reducing Colson's influence.

ber instead); hiring young men to pose as homosexuals supporting McGovern at the Democratic National Convention; engineering telephone and mail campaigns supporting Nixon's Viet Nam policies, even when unsolicited opinion was generally favorable. Explained one Colson acquaintance: "Chuck could never take a chance with the truth. He doesn't trust the truth."

Other, more serious acts of which Colson has been accused include ordering Hunt to fabricate a State Department cable that would make it appear that the Kennedy Administration was involved in the assassination of South Viet Nam's President Diem in 1963; urging that Washington's Brookings Institution be fire-bombed as a diversionary tactic to cover a raid to seize some politically damaging documents; leaking information to LIFE for a story in 1970 that helped defeat Maryland's Demo-

STEVE KORNTHAL



COLSON & WIFE PATTY, ON POOL DECK OF THEIR SUBURBAN WASHINGTON HOME

The combination of Haldeman's opposition and lucrative private law practice offers led Colson to resign last March.

If Colson actually performed half the various acts of which he has been accused, he was easily the least principled of all Nixon's associates. The long list of deceptive practices attributed to him—virtually all of which he denies—includes drafting scurrilous newspaper ads assailing "radiclibs" during the 1970 congressional campaigns; urging the use of \$8,000 in Nixon campaign funds to buy copies of a pro-Nixon book and thus balloon it into a second printing; compiling a list of Nixon's political "enemies"; requesting an IRS audit of the tax returns of a Teamster official who opposed the President; dispatching someone to pose as a Gay Liberationist and donate money to Nixon's New Hampshire primary opponent, Paul McCloskey; then turn the donation receipt over to the Manchester *Union Leader* fan emissary was indeed sent but decided to pose as a Young Socialist Alliance mem-

ber Senator Joseph Tydings; proposing that demonstrators posing as anti-war activists disrupt the funeral services for J. Edgar Hoover in May 1972, which would have outraged Hoover's many supporters and hurt McGovern.

Now a Washington attorney with a \$100,000 annual retainer from the Teamsters Union, the once accessible and ubiquitous Colson is no longer talking about his Watergate problems with newsmen. Born in Boston and educated at Brown and George Washington universities, Colson lives comfortably with his second wife, Patty, in their large Tudor house on two acres of wooded land in McLean, Va. One thing she enjoys about her husband, Patty has said, is that he is "so commanding—he says hop and you hop." The key to Colson's personality, a former friend declares, is that the onetime Marine captain ("It was a great life; I loved it") is tough. Adds this intimate: "There were a lot of tough people at the White House. The two toughest were Nixon and Colson."

Compromise Offer

As a rule, American courts shy away from handing down a far-reaching decision on a constitutional question if they can find another solution. Better to search for a compromise than to spell out a judgment that could cause unforeseen problems later on.

Last week such a compromise on the grave issue of the President's Watergate tapes and documents was suggested by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. White House lawyers were arguing that the President—because he was President—had the unlimited right to decide whether or not the tapes and papers should be given to a grand jury as requested. Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox was claiming that the President's powers were limited by the fact that the tapes were needed for criminal investigations, and no citizen could refuse such a request.

With the perquisites of the presidency and grave questions of separation of powers at stake, the seven sitting justices took the step, unusual in a criminal proceeding, of recommending an out-of-court settlement. They proposed that the President or his delegate should go over the tapes with Cox and White House Attorney Charles Alan Wright and decide what material should go to the grand jury. That way no one's principles would be surrendered. However, if no agreement was possible, the court said, it would make a ruling on the case, one that would certainly be appealed to the Supreme Court.

Cox at once said that he would be delighted to talk the court's proposal over with the President and his men to see if it could be made to work. At week's end, the President and his lawyers were still considering the proposition.

The Forgotten Cubans

All veterans of the fight against Fidel Castro, the four refugees from Cuba saw themselves as good soldiers on the Watergate front. "I was not there to think," as Bernard Barker put it, "I was there to follow orders." Caught in the Democratic National Committee's Watergate offices on that fateful night of June 17, 1972, they all stoically pleaded guilty and trooped off to jail. As the scandal has expanded, they have become its forgotten men: Bernard ("Macho") Barker, 56; Virgilio ("Villo") Gonzalez, 47; Eugenio ("Musculito") Martinez, 51; and Frank Sturgis, 49.

Today, six months into their provisional 40-year sentences, they are filled with indignation, convinced that they, too, were victims of the complex scandal. Exclaims Barker's daughter, Maria-Elena Moffett: "They feel like they have been used, thrown out, ignored, stepped on and left without any hope of justice."

*Barker and Sturgis do not have Cuban surnames because, although Barker's mother was Cuban, his father was American and Sturgis adopted his step-father's name.

They do not want to be lumped together with men like Haldeman and Ehrlichman—those who knew exactly what they were doing. They are little people who thought they were helping fight Communism." As Barker explained to the Ervin committee, he was told that the Democrats had received contributions from the Castro regime and he participated in the break-in to find proof.

This week the four men were scheduled to testify in Washington before a federal grand jury, as well as to have their sentences reviewed by Federal Judge John J. Sirica. In meting out their provisional terms last March, Sirica said that if they told investigators all they knew about the break-in, he would "weigh that" in deciding whether to reduce their sentences. They say that they have cooperated. Yet as the Watergate investigation has grown, so has their

help from every direction. Besides continuing to confer with their original attorney, Daniel Schultz of Washington, D.C., they have also been in touch with two others: Thomas Clifford, the U.S. public defender in Connecticut, and Eli Rubin, a flamboyant Miami lawyer known for his fervent espousal of Cuban-refugee causes as well as his many losing races for local public office.

In addition, they managed to rouse the interest of a potentially powerful ally: Connecticut Senator Lowell Weicker of the Ervin committee. Barker's daughter had singled him out "because he was the Senator in all the hearings I liked best." She appealed to him, and during the congressional recess Weicker went to Danbury twice to meet with the prisoners. He said that he was "upset to see the men who are least able to afford it sitting in jail while all the others wan-



CONSPIRATORS MARTINEZ, BARKER...

A sense of having been used, thrown out, ignored and stepped on.



... STURGIS & GONZALEZ IN WASHINGTON

der around the country." Though the Senator added that he could make no promises, he has turned over minutes of his conferences to the committee staff.

Last week Schultz filed a petition for a retrial of the men which if accepted by Sirica would cancel his planned review of their sentences. Schultz argued that the men originally pleaded guilty in the belief that they were protecting "national security interests" by doing so. Now they believe they were deceived and made victims of a "cruel fraud." Barker once denied that anyone had pressured the four conspirators into pleading guilty last spring but now says it is a matter of "interpretation" and for the judge to decide. It is known, however, that Schultz is preparing a suit against E. Howard Hunt and former Presidential Special Counsel Charles W. Colson. It will accuse them of misleading the four prisoners into believing that their work had been approved by a federal intelligence agency.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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THE RICH

Post Hostess with the Mostest

Marjorie Merriweather Post lived as queens once were wont to do and now seldom can afford. As heiress to a breakfast-cereal fortune and founder of the General Foods empire, Mrs. Post reigned for most of her years as the *grande dame* of American high society and regal mistress of a life-style evocative of the lost opulence of Victorian empires. Last week, at her Georgian estate in Washington, D.C., Marjorie Post died quietly of a heart attack at age 86, and with her death a gilt-edged volume of American history came to an end.

The Post family fortunes (last estimated as high as \$250 million) began with Charles William Post, a farm-machinery salesman and inventor whose Welsh ancestors had come to America in 1633. In the 1890s, Post moved with his wife and only child to Battle Creek,

Mich., in hopes of improving his health. When the change failed to help, Post came up with a cure of his own. After concocting a combination of wheat, molasses and bran as a healthful coffee substitute, Post patented his recipe, dubbed the mixture Postum, and launched one of the first advertising campaigns for a prepared food. One ad exhorted: "Is your yellow streak the coffee habit? Does it reduce your working force, kill your energy, push you into the big crowd of mongrels, deaden what thoroughbred blood you may have, and neutralize all your efforts to make money and fame?"

At age eight, Daughter Marjorie was gluing Postum boxes to the family's Battle Creek barn. By age ten she was accompanying her father to board meetings and factory tours. With C.W.'s death in 1914, Marjorie Post inherited several million dollars and control of the Postum Cereal Co., which by then included Post Toasties and Grape Nuts cereals. At the urging of her second husband, Manhattan Stockbroker Edward F. Hutton, the Postum Co. began adding a cupboard full of new products. The Postum Co. was renamed the General Foods Corp.

As the rest of the country slid into the Depression, Marjorie prospered as the Post hostess with the mostest. Her estates became the playground for the surviving American moneyed, from the Phippess and Vanderbilts to the Kennedys and Dodges. Winters were spent at Mar-A-Lago, a 115-room, \$7,000,000 residence in Palm Beach, Fla. Decorated with Italian stone, tiles made in 15th century Spain, and tapestries from the palace of the Venetian Doge, the crescent-shaped, turreted mansion and its estate boasted a nine-hole golf course, 10,000 potted plants, and well placed sand that enabled the family pooch to

visit the trees without getting his paws dirty. House guests received a list of activities each morning, new movies were shown at night, and once the entire Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey Circus was brought in for an afternoon.

In the summers, the Post entourage moved to Camp Topridge, a mountain-top hideaway in upstate New York. There a visitor could rough it while living in a guesthouse staffed by a butler and maid. A crew of woodsmen-guides was on hand to help explore the outdoors, while the less energetic could get a glimpse of the St. Lawrence Seaway from Mrs. Post's four-engine plane.

In the fall and spring the entourage moved to Hillwood, the Georgian mansion on Mrs. Post's 24-acre estate in Washington, D.C. With ambassadors and heads of state as her guests, the style was more elaborate. Liveried servants served formal dinners on vermeil plates originally cast for Emperor Franz Josef of Austria. Guests could view the most extensive collection of Czarist icons and jewelry outside the Soviet Union, the result of a Post buying spree in Moscow with her third husband, Ambassador Joseph E. Davies. At Hillwood, Mrs. Post's pet schnauzer slept in a bed once used by Belgian royalty.

No Diamond Dusting. Yet if Mrs. Post's life-style was extravagant, so too was her philanthropy. During World War I she built a 2,000-bed field hospital. During the Depression she put her jewels into a vault, canceled their insurance, and used the money saved for a New York kitchen that fed 1,000 people daily. Her endowments to C.W. Post College of Long Island University and her own alma mater, Mount Vernon Junior College, have long been the envy of less wealthy institutions. She gave well over \$1,000,000 to the Washington National Symphony Orchestra.

Though bothered by increasing deafness, Mrs. Post never succumbed to the role of diamond-dusting dowager. She remained an active member of the General Foods board until her 71st year, when company policy forced her into retirement. She maintained her regal, ramrod posture and her vigorous golf swing well into her eighth decade, and rumors of yet another romance circulated after her fourth divorce in 1964.

"My father once said that if I were cast ashore on a desert island I'd organize the grains of sand," Mrs. Post told friends. With that same gift for organization, she prepared carefully for the future of her estates. Hillwood and its treasures have been willed to the Smithsonian Institution. Topridge will be used by seminars of C.W. Post College, while the Palm Beach property has been donated to the Federal Government for use by foreign dignitaries. None of the storied retreats will belong in the future to any single individual, which perhaps is just as well: it is hard to conceive of anyone else able to grace the palaces with the panache to which they have been accustomed.

MARJORIE MERRIWEATHER POST IN 1964



WITH HER PET SCHNAUZER AT HILLWOOD (1964)



AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA (1937)



Do the Zenith people really build a better color TV?



TV service technicians say yes. Again.

Here are the questions and answers from a nationwide survey.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

ANSWERS:	Zenith	35%
Brand A	14%	
Brand B	11%	
Brand C	5%	
Brand D	3%	
Brand E	3%	
Brand F	2%	
Brand G	2%	
Brand H	2%	
Brand I	1%	
Other Brands	3%	
About Equal	13%	
Don't Know	11%	

QUESTION: "If you were buying a new color TV set for yourself today, which brand would you buy?"

ANSWERS:	Zenith	35%
Brand A	23%	
Brand B	12%	
Brand D	6%	
Brand C	4%	
Brand E	4%	
Brand F	3%	
Brand G	3%	
Brand H	2%	
Brand I	2%	
Other Brands	6%	
Don't Know	8%	

NOTE: Answers total more than 100% because some service technicians named more than one brand.

How the survey was made.

For the second consecutive year, one of the best known research firms in America conducted a study of independent TV service technicians' attitudes toward brands of color television. And again Zenith was the number one brand named in answer to each question, as shown in the charts. Telephone interviews were conducted with TV service technicians themselves in April, 1972, and again in April, 1973, in more than 170 cities from coast to coast. To eliminate the factor of loyalty to a single brand, the study included only shops which serviced more than one brand of TV.

We want to hear from you.

We're proud of our record of building dependable, quality products.

But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you would like additional details of the service technicians' survey—we want to hear from you. Write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60639.

We'll give your request our personal attention.

ZENITH
*The quality goes in
before the name goes on.*

The thought is by Benjamin Franklin. The interpretation by Corita Kent of Immaculate Heart College.

"The things which hurt, instruct."

Nothing is more comfortable than complacent acceptance of what is. Nothing is more upsetting than reaching out for what might be.

Hence, the pains that accompany the growth of the individual mind and conscience. And, by extension, the mind and conscience of society.

Today, broadcasting plays a significant role in cultivating this growth.

Rather than paint a flattering portrait, broadcasting strives to hold up a mirror that shows society as it truly is, warts and all.

It dwells not only upon achievements but also upon problems which may be conveniently "swept under the rug."

Along with familiar ideas and opinions, it exposes new ones that may challenge and disconcert.

And in so doing, it goads its audience to that most uncomfortable of human occupations, the thoughtful reflection that precedes change.

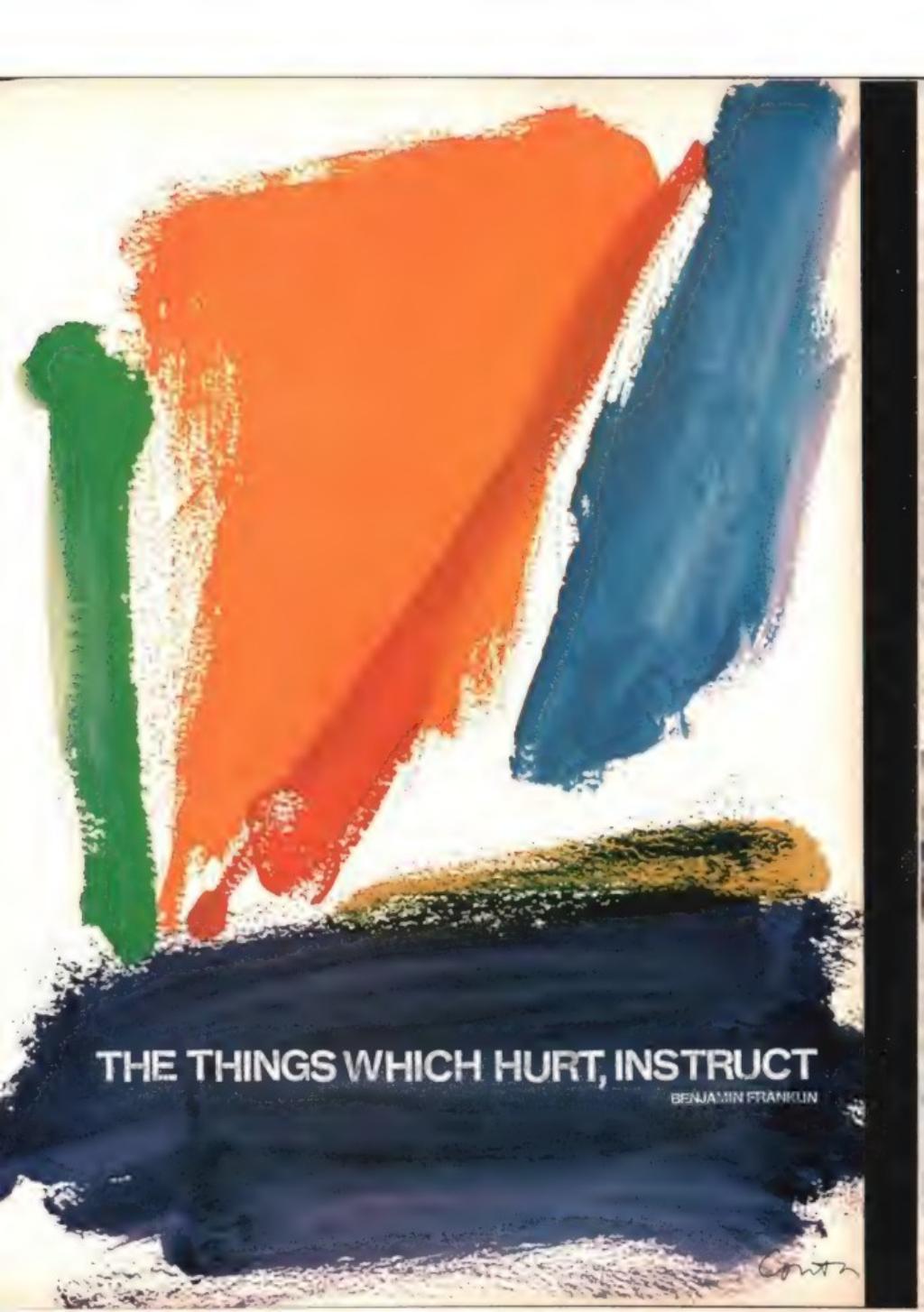
Two hundred years ago, Benjamin Franklin realized how essential this process was to a free society.

We as broadcasters are proud to continue this tradition.



BOSTON WBZ - WBZ-TV
NEW YORK WNEW
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BALTIMORE WJZ-TV
PITTSBURGH KDKA - KDKA-TV
FORT WAYNE WFWO
CHICAGO WMAQ
SAN FRANCISCO KPIX
LOS ANGELES KPHB

WESTINGHOUSE BROADCASTING COMPANY



THE THINGS WHICH HURT, INSTRUCT

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Conte

1974 Pontiac Grand Prix.



Obviously, we're out to make you dissatisfied.



with whatever you're driving.



The Wide-Track people
have a way with cars.

Pontiac Motor Division

In ten years, we'll need enough electricity to run two Americas.



General Electric is doing something about it.

With a design to make five GE nuclear plants do the work of six.

With gas turbine power plants to help meet today's shortage. With a new kind of fossil fuel plant that turns exhaust heat into electricity.

Every day, electricity is being called on to do jobs never dreamed of years ago. Cleaning up our air and water. Reducing crime and accidents. Fighting disease.

If electricity is going to keep doing all these jobs, America needs more power plants. Now. But because of today's concern for our energy resources and the environment, efforts to build new plants are often blocked.

GE is trying to help solve this dilemma. With new thinking. New technology.

One example is GE's new nuclear plant. The BWR/6. It's designed to produce more electricity for its size than any GE nuclear plant yet. Five will produce as much as six of our earlier plants. And like all nuclear plants, the BWR/6 adds no smoke or harmful oxides to the air.

But nuclear power is just one answer. GE is working in

other ways to meet our energy needs:

With powerful gas turbines that can be set up almost anywhere in a matter of months. They can be turned on in minutes to meet peak demands. And a single gas turbine can make enough electricity for 25,000 people.

With more efficient fossil fuel plants. GE has a combination steam and gas turbine plant—called STAG for short. In a STAG plant, up to 70% of the heat from the gas turbine exhaust is used to make more electricity.

There's a tremendous need for electricity in this country. GE and the utility companies are coming up with new technology to help meet this need.

Today, tomorrow and ten years from now.

Progress for People.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

CHILE/COVER STORY

The Bloody End of a Marxist Dream

For two terrible days last week, the capital of Chile turned into a bloody battleground. Planes roared in almost at rooftop level, firing rockets and sowing bombs. Tanks rumbled through the streets, tearing holes in walls with shells from their cannon. Infantrymen popped up in doorways, and the sound of their fire reverberated through the city. The principal target, the Presidential Palace, disappeared behind a veil of smoke and flames. Inside, Chile's Marxist President Salvador Allende Gossens, 65, died in his office as a military junta took over his country.

After his inauguration three years ago, Allende had stood on the small balcony outside his office in the palace to launch a great experiment. While thousands of his supporters cheered in the plaza below, he announced a unique undertaking: he intended to lead Chile along a democratic road to socialism. Last week the balcony still stood, although the palace was a smoldering ruin. So was Allende's Marxist vision for his country.

Week after week, as a succession of bitter strikes plunged Chile toward economic chaos, rumors had circulated in Santiago that the country was on the verge of a military coup. Even so, many Chileans dismissed the stories. True, Chile had large and well-trained armed forces. But unlike the colonels of neighboring Peru and the generals of Brazil, Chile's officers had by and large a non-political tradition.

Instant Martyr. Chileans who thought that their country was somehow immune from military takeovers were wrong. Moreover, the coup that ended Allende's experiment in socialism proved to be extraordinarily violent even by Latin American standards. In the flurry of fighting that accompanied the *golpe* (coup) and in the two days of chaos that followed, several thousand people were killed or injured. The military claimed that Allende had killed himself rather than surrender. Allende's supporters insisted that he had been murdered. In a sense, the manner of his death was irrelevant. Almost overnight, he became an instant martyr for leftists the world over—and a legendary specter that may well haunt Latin America for years.

Allende's downfall had implications that reached far beyond the borders of Chile. His had been the first democratically elected Marxist government in Latin America. Moderate Latinas will certainly want no more such experiments because of Chile's experience; leftists, on the other hand, will ruefully



PRESIDENTIAL PALACE BURNING AFTER ATTACKS BY CHILEAN AIR FORCE JETS

conclude that revolution is a surer route to power than the ballot box. The U.S. was embarrassed by the coup—though Washington insisted that it had taken no part. Anti-imperialists everywhere immediately assumed that Washington was behind his downfall. At week's end the U.S. had made no move to recognize the new government, but most observers expected an improvement in relations. The change of Chilean governments might also affect U.S. corporations; their sizable holdings had been taken over by Allende, but they now might at least be reimbursed for what they had lost by a more sympathetic government.

The coup was carefully planned and meticulously executed, reported TIME Correspondent Charles Eisenhardt, who watched the action from a window overlooking the palace. Early last Tuesday morning, armored cars rolled across Santiago's broad Plaza de la Constitución to block the portals of La Moneda, the somber 18th century-style Presidential Palace. As army sharpshooters took up positions, at least 100 armed *carabineros*—Chile's paramilitary police—jumped out of buses and double-timed across the square. Their mission, according to the secret order of the day, was "to restore institutional normality" in South America's most democratic na-

VICTIM OF SANTIAGO STREET FIGHTING
Democracy died as well.

urged workers—the most loyal and enthusiastic supporters of his socialist program—to seize their factories as a sign of defiance. As Hawker Hunters of the Chilean air force swooped low over the palace, Allende made a final appearance on his second-floor balcony and waved to a small band of curious citizens whom the army had not yet shooed away.

Allende immediately recognized that he faced the worst crisis of his stormy three-year presidency. An hour before the military's ultimatum, he telephoned his wife Hortensia at their villa.

station operated by his Socialist Party went silent after making a final appeal to enlisted men to disobey the orders of their officers. Another station operated by Allende's Communist partners* in the Chilean *Unidad Popular* (Popular Unity) coalition went dead. Soon the only station left on the air in Santiago was one that identified itself as "the military government radio." Its first order: "The President of the republic must proceed immediately to hand over his high office."

A Mexican journalist in Santiago,



Manuel Mejido, managed to interview 15 of the people who claim to have last seen Allende alive. According to his account, the President assembled close friends in the palace and told them: "I will not abandon La Moneda. They will only take me out of here dead." The group included ten members of the security force and 30 youths of a private guard known as *el Grupo de Amigos Personales* (the Group of Personal Friends).

General Pinochet's call was followed by one from the navy commander, Admiral José Toribio Merino Castro, who repeated the ultimatum. "I will not surrender," Allende declared. "That is a course for cowards like yourself."

As an attack on the palace became imminent, Allende gathered his remnant of supporters in one room of the palace. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am staying." He asked everyone to leave: no one did. Allende then ordered the women to go to the office of the palace major-domo and told the men to take up combat positions. There was a 20-minute attack by infantry and tanks. During a brief truce, General Pinochet again called the palace, giving Allende 15 minutes to surrender. Once more the

"I'm calling from La Moneda," he told her. "The situation has become very grave. The navy has revolted and I am going to stay here." Allende was right. Even before the junta's troops surrounded the palace, the navy had announced that it had taken over and sealed off the port city of Valparaiso, 75 miles away. Marines from Valparaiso were advancing on the capital to join the soldiers, airmen and *carabineros* commanded by leaders of the coup.

Allende soon found himself isolated from all potential supporters. A radio

*From left: Admiral Merino, Generals Pinochet Leigh and Mendoza. In the background O'Higgins portrait.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: ALLENDE WAVING AT THIRD ANNIVERSARY ELECTION CELEBRATION; ALLENDE'S BODY LEAVING LA MONEDA PALACE; MEETING OF MILITARY JUNTA*

tion and "stop a disastrous dictatorship from installing itself."

Allende had apparently heard rumors: at the uncharacteristically early hour of 7:15, he had driven to La Moneda from his comfortable villa in Santiago's Barrio Alto district. As the troops began to assemble outside the palace, General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte, commander in chief of the army, telephoned an ultimatum to the palace. If Allende surrendered his office, he would be given safe-conduct out of the country; otherwise he would be deposed by force. Allende refused. "I will not resign," he declared in a very brief radio broadcast. "I am prepared to die if necessary." He

*One building attacked by troops in the first flurry of fighting was Communist Party headquarters in Santiago, shown on TIME's cover with an Allen-de banner across its facade.

President refused. When the attack halted, the women in the palace—including one of Allende's daughters, Beatriz, 31—left for safety.

At noon, a pair of Hawker Hunters attacked the palace with bombs, rockets and tear gas. An hour and a half later, infantrymen entered La Moneda by a side door; their officers gave Allende ten minutes to surrender. "All of you go down without weapons and with hands up," the President told the handful of aides who had stayed with him. "Go and surrender to the army. I will be the last to leave." Then, according to Mejido, Allende shot himself.

Mrs. Allende had listened to her husband's final radio broadcast. "At noon, Salvador did not answer the telephone at La Moneda," she said. "When I managed to get through to La Moneda, it was security agents or *carabineros* who answered." Meanwhile the air force was also attacking the house at Barrio Alto. "Between attacks—the planes returned to their base to reload—there was ferocious shooting. The residence was all smoke. The last telephone call I made to La Moneda, I had to use the telephone lying on the floor."

Not until the next day was Mrs. Allende told that her husband was in a military hospital, wounded. When she went to see him, she learned that he was actually dead. She told newsmen that he had probably killed himself with a submachine gun presented to him by Cuba's Fidel Castro. But rumors spread that Allende had been shot 13 times—the widow later saw his coffin but

never his body—and that he and four aides had been killed in cold blood. The rumors fed the rapidly growing legend of Allende the Marxist martyr.

The same day the body of Allende was trucked to a military airport near Santiago and put aboard a plane bound for the city of Viña del Mar, where the President's family maintained a crypt. Mrs. Allende was allowed to accompany the corpse, as were his sister Laura, two nephews and an aide.

At Santa Inés cemetery, Mrs. Allende, torn between sorrow and fury, picked some flowers and laid them on the coffin. "Salvador Allende cannot be buried in such an anonymous way," she said in a hard voice to the gravediggers. "I want you to know at least the name of the person you are burying."

Meanwhile, the junta moved rapidly to consolidate its rule. In hasty ceremony at the Bernardo O'Higgins Military School—named in honor of Chile's founding father—a military government that included two right-wing civilians for political window dressing was sworn in. Obviously, the new leaders took an oath of allegiance not to Chile's constitution but to the junta. General Pinochet headed the Cabinet as President of the junta. Its other members: Admiral Merino; General Gustavo Leigh Guzmán, air force commander in chief; and General César Mendoza Duran, director general of the *carabineros*. The most important portfolio in the new Cabinet—Interior—went to Army General Oscar Bonilla.

The military shut down all of Chile's



SOLDIERS ABOARD TANKS IN SANTIAGO
Prison ship, summary executions.

airports and closed the borders to Argentina, Bolivia and Peru. A state of siege was imposed throughout the country, and Santiago was subject to a round-the-clock curfew. Violators were warned that they would be shot on sight. While the army struggled to rid Santiago of leftist snipers, householders kept their heads down because itchy soldiers fired whenever a window went up too fast. There were rumors that pro-Allende army units were in command of the southern part of the country. By week's end, the military officially declared that life in the capital was returning to normal. But a stringent curfew remained

The Coup: The View from the Carrera

From Santiago, TIME Correspondent Charles Eisenstadt sent these vignettes of life in the midst of a revolution.

The Carrera-Sheraton Hotel, which overlooks the Presidential Palace, is a bulky brown 17-story building with what at least one travel brochure optimistically describes as "tastefully decorated rooms." At the height of the fighting on Tuesday, Carrera Manager Luis Miguel ("Mike") Gallegos—upon whose thin breast every one of last week's guests would like to hang a medal—evacuated his 270 charges and 200 employees to the cavernous second basement. It took on the atmosphere of a London tube stop during the blitz, with a notably international flavor. A French journalist challenged all comers to Scrabble in French. An S.A.S. pilot treated friends to drinks. A Tokyo businessman impassively read a magazine. Only one guest, Jerusalem Post Managing Editor Ari Raph, was wounded, and he but slightly. Raph, a veteran of the Six-Day War, observed that he had never seen precision bombing and strafing to match the Chilean air force raid on La Moneda.

By Wednesday, little things began indicating that the revolution was ending. Those trapped in the Carrera sensed the lessening fire, sometimes too soon. For instance, as I was typing in my room early Thursday, a man asked if he could look out the window, which overlooks La Moneda. As he opened the curtain, *thwack!* came the shot from below. Before I could crawl over and throw him out of my room, he had taken another peek, and we had taken another round. But after three days of entombment in the Carrera he, like everybody else, had begun thinking of other things. He had risked his life to see if his car, which was parked on the plaza, was undemolished. (It was.)

The break came Friday. Santiago, a city with a climate like Denver's and women like Paris', stretched out in the early spring sunshine like a cat cooped up too long in a closet. Thousands surged around the smoky ruins of La Moneda. People in their Sunday best jammed into El Tráfico bar, located in the shabby remains of the house where Chile's founding father, Bernardo O'Higgins, had met

with the liberator of Argentina, José de San Martín. To the patrons swilling white wine and munching pork sandwiches, it seemed fitting to celebrate in a historic political monument—but there was no talk of politics, for the first time in memory.

In the El Golf district, known for its fine houses and the rending beauty of the girls who parade each Saturday along Providencia Avenue, machine gunners lay prone under budding fruit trees. One soldier, submachine gun at the ready, dagger slung from his shoulder, was being besieged by a comely Chilena who kept threatening to put a flower in his dagger sheath. He resisted. But when I passed the spot a few minutes later, I noticed that the soldier had lost the battle, although perhaps won another.

When I walked by the now abandoned Congress building, a gardener in blue overalls was walking amidst the statues, tending to the plants. I asked him what he thought of the revolution. His response seemed to reflect the wish of many Santiagoans for a period of simple tranquility. "Some win, some lose," he said. "But during revolutions, green plants don't get enough water."

THE WORLD

in effect, the airports stayed closed, and all communications with the outside world were censored.

There were stories that some soldiers had bayoneted prisoners to death without reason, while others, armed with lists of pro-Allende suspects, were making door-to-door searches in Santiago. Anyone found at home was summarily shot. In broadcasts, the names of 70 prominent Socialist and Communist politicians were read off; all those on the list were ordered to surrender at once.

At least one of the wanted men, Socialist Party Secretary-General Carlos Altamirano, was said to have been "accidentally" killed during the fighting. There was yet another report that at least 3,000 people had been put aboard a prison ship off the coast. Among the alleged internees: Communist Poet Pablo Neruda, 79, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1971, and Chile's former ambassador to Paris.

Although many, if not most of its future goals were unclear, the junta made unmistakable its determination to change the leftward course of Allende's foreign policy. One of its first acts was

to break relations with Cuba, which Allende had recognized soon after his inauguration, in defiance of the Organization of American States ban. A few hours after Allende died, 150 Cubans were hustled to Santiago's Pudahuel airport and put aboard a plane for home. Among them was Allende's daughter Beatriz, who is married to the first secretary of the Cuban embassy.

Castro, who had been an enthusiastic ally of Allende, charged that "U.S. imperialism had put down the revolutionary movement." Political leaders all across Latin America voiced their revulsion at the death of democracy in Chile. Mexican President Luis Echeverria, who had provided both financial and moral support for the Allende government, recalled his ambassador and offered asylum to any Chilean who sought it, specifically to Mrs. Allende. She refused at first, but at week's end changed her mind and accepted the offer. The Mexican government also ordered three days of official mourning, the first time it had so honored a foreign head of government since the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

Elsewhere in the world, there were clear signs that the Chilean President had gained instant martyrdom among radicals, alongside Patrice Lumumba of the Congo (now Zaire) and Che Guevara. In Paris, a crowd of 30,000 marched through the streets shouting, "Down with the murderers and the CIA." In Rome, there were sympathetic work stoppages and eulogies proclaiming that "Allende is an idea that does not die." Even moderate politicians publicly regretted that another republic had succumbed to rule by junta. The West German government, for instance, expressed its "deep dismay" and its hope that "democratic conditions will soon return to Chile."

One country was conspicuously silent: the U.S. The Nixon Administration had been antagonistic to Allende ever since he emerged as the likely winner of the 1970 presidential campaign. Washington's hostility increased after Allende's new government fully nationalized copper mines and other industrial properties owned by U.S. companies and declined to pay several of them compensation. Relations between the two

The Military and Its Master

"I hope the army will not have to come out, because if it does, it will be to kill." When General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte issued that grim warning in 1971, it sent shock waves across Chile.

The general, who was then commander of the Santiago garrison, had been asked by President Allende to help quell disorders in the province, and Chileans were not used to hearing threats from their generals. After a brief state of emergency the situation was resolved without bloodshed, and Pinochet went back to his barracks. But not, as it turned out, to stay. Named commander in chief of the army only three weeks ago, the powerfully built infantry officer, 57, last week presided over the coup as head of a four-man military junta.

Despite the army's recent reputation for staying out of politics, Chile's history contains numerous examples of military meddling. Ever since it gained its independence from Spain in 1818, the country has been periodically racked by economic strife and class warfare, with the military entering the fray on one side or the other. In 1891, civil war broke out when part of the armed forces sided with a progressive President, José Manuel Balmaceda (who committed suicide when he lost), and part with a Congress determined to block his reforms. Allende frequently drew parallels between Balmaceda's plight and his own.

Then in 1924 another reformist, President Arturo Alessandri, who was also stymied by a conservative Congress, was deposed and exiled to Italy by a junta. The next few years saw a series



GENERAL AUGUSTO PINOCHET UGARTE

of military coups and countercoups. After a period of dictatorial rule under Colonel Carlos Ibáñez degenerated into economic chaos, Alessandri, by then a convert to the conservatives, was re-elected in 1932. Since then, the armed forces have generally been ruled by the theory that as long as the President kept to the constitution they would respect his authority.

Chileans frequently observe that they have a Prussian army, a British navy and an American air force—and

indeed, foreign influences like goose-stepping are visible in each. Until World War I, when the army was strongly influenced by its German tutors, most of the officers came from the aristocratic landowning class. Today the vast majority of both officers and recruits come from the middle and lower classes.

The Pentagon, which has maintained warm relations with the Chilean armed forces, regards them as among the best on the continent. The 90,000 soldiers, sailors, airmen and *carabineros* add up to an unusually large military contingent for a country with a population of 10 million. Argentina, with a population more than twice as large, has only 145,000 in its armed forces.

The Chilean military—notably the navy—has a reputation for maintaining stern, even brutal discipline. That may not bode too well for the immediate future, since General Pinochet is a tough and energetic commander, as well as a stickler for army regulations. Born in Valparaíso—Allende's home town—Pinochet (pronounced *pee-no-cheh*) entered the army's military academy at the age of 18. He has been to the U.S. Southern Command in the Panama Canal Zone several times, and in 1956 served as military attaché to the Chilean embassy in Washington. Although a number of Chile's top-ranking officers are Masons, the junta leader, who is married and the father of five children, is a practicing Catholic. Generally he is regarded as a colorless professional who tends to be conservative. Until last week he had never seemed very interested in political matters. But that, along with much else in Chilean life, is certain to change in the hard months ahead.



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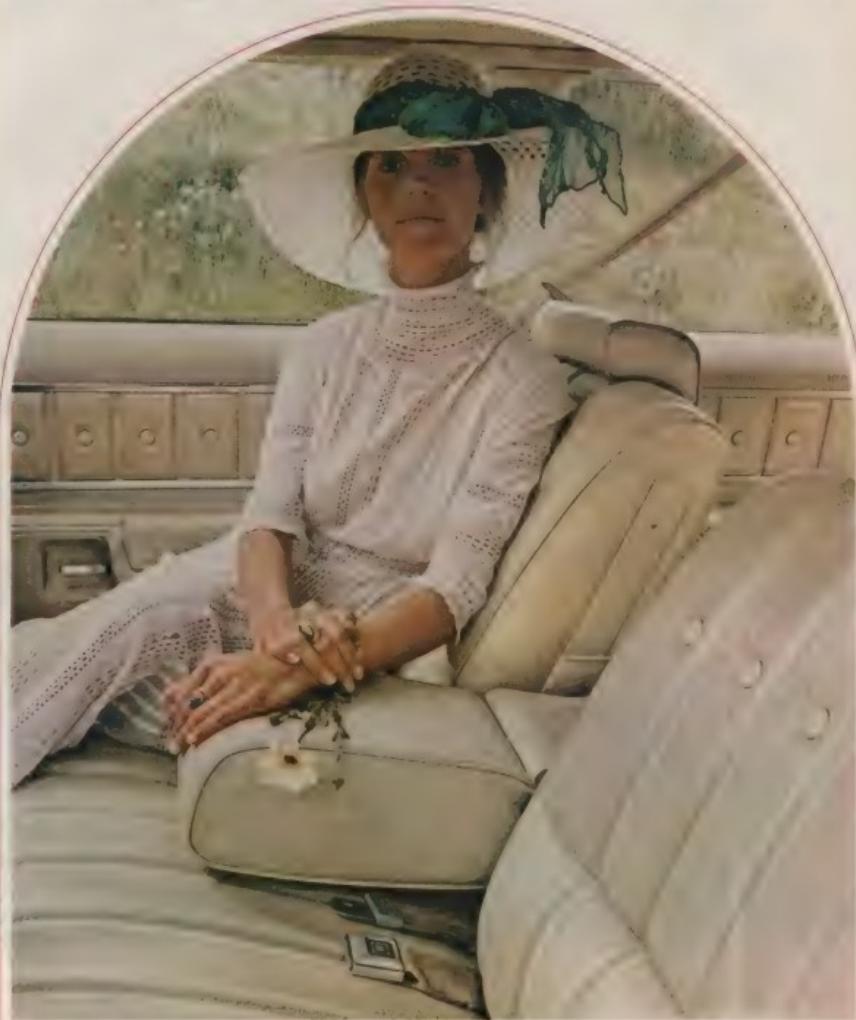
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THE WORLD

countries grew worse when it was revealed that multinational ITT had offered the U.S. Government more than \$1,000,000 to help prevent Allende's election, and had held discussions with the CIA on possible ways to keep him out of office.

The Nixon Administration did what it could to make life for Allende uncomfortable, mostly through financial pressure on institutions like the World Bank. In August 1971, as a result of U.S. complaints that debt-laden Chile was a poor credit risk, the Export-Import Bank refused to make a \$21 million loan to Lan-Chile airline to enable it to buy three Boeing jets, even though the airline had a perfect repayment record. U.S. exports to Chile overall declined 50% during Allende's three years.

Military Rapport. But the Pentagon remained on relatively good terms with Chile's military brass. Last year, for instance, the U.S. extended \$10 million to the Chilean air force to buy transport planes and other equipment. The military rapport was so solid, in fact, that stories were circulating in Washington last week that U.S. officials had known about the coup up to 16 hours before it took place.

White House spokesmen denied that the Administration had had any such foreknowledge. There had been many rumors—with many different dates—of a possible coup, they insisted, but nothing solid had been known until La Moneda was actually stormed. In any case, the U.S. had not moved to alert Allende on the ground that to do so would have been interfering in the internal affairs of another nation. The explanation was obviously not strong enough to dispel the suspicion that the U.S. had played some part in engineering the Chilean President's overthrow.

Allende bore much of the blame for his own downfall. His socialist fiscal policies shattered Chile's economy instead of helping it. Always a net importer of food, the country had to import still more because Allende's land-reform programs reduced production. The government, as owner of the copper mines, was in deep trouble when world copper prices fell. Foreign reserves totaled \$345 million when Allende took office; by the end of last year they had disappeared, and Chile was forced to plead for rescheduling of more than \$2.5 billion in international debts. The country was so polarized in the end that Allende was under simultaneous attack by rightists for being too extreme and by leftists for being too timid.

Few Chileans were neutral about the President. Although their lavish lifestyle was only marginally diminished, the rich—5% of the population controlling 20% of its resources—despised him for seizing the property from which their wealth had come. The middle class, squeezed by inflation and plagued with shortages, was bitter and unreconcilable. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of Chileans left the country. Others who re-



WOMEN WAVING POT LIDS & HANKIECHES IN ANTI-ALLELENDE DEMONSTRATION

mained kept one-way airline tickets at hand just in case.

Still, Allende had plenty of admirers. Some were not even socialists, but sympathetic liberals who hoped that he could succeed in bridging the gulf between the poor and the wealthy. The poor, peasant and worker alike, idolized him. "I would be a hypocrite if I were to say that I am President of all Chileans," he once observed. They listened in awe as "Chicho" addressed them.

Allende slept only five hours a night and spent most of his waking hours working. "To work for the people is really a pleasure," he once said grandiosely. Allende impressed visitors as a crisp administrator. He was a hard man but not a ruthless one. An American diplomat who knew him remarked that "when it comes to leaning on people to do something, Allende makes Lyndon Johnson look like a piker."

Despite his Marxist beliefs, Allende savored the good life. He drank Scotch, liked golf and was fond of good wines. In addition to his family home, he reportedly had a hideaway to which he would take cronies—and women—and barbecue steaks for them. Allende was a sophisticated but casual dresser who favored turtleneck sweaters even at work. In fact, he was reportedly wearing a white turtleneck when he died. After the fighting died down last week, the military government televised a film showing Allende's imposing wardrobe and shelves of imported liquor and foods. The implication was hard to miss while his supporters had been queuing up. Allende had engaged in the kind of hoarding he railed against.

Allende's family dated back to the early days of Chile. His physician grandfather was a Masonic grandmaster and the founder of the first nonreligious elementary school in predominantly Roman Catholic Chile. Allende's father was a notary who died while his son was serving one of many prison terms for socialist activity. Allende was allowed to attend the funeral. At the graveside he delivered an impromptu speech pledging himself to seek freedom for the people and social justice. He became a doctor but gave up medicine for politics. He campaigned doggedly until, on the fourth attempt, he was finally elected President.



HORTENSIA ALLENDE BEFORE COUP
Flowers for Salvador.

Once in office, Allende moved swiftly to change the economic face of the country. His Christian Democratic predecessor, Eduardo Frei, had already introduced agrarian reforms and pushed government participation in industry. But Allende inaugurated a far more sweeping program of government ownership and operation, beginning with total ownership of the giant copper operations, whose U.S. owners had been woefully slow in training Chileans for more important, better paying jobs. Cement, steel, electricity and telephones were also nationalized, along with both foreign and domestic banks. Labor unions were given control of new plants that went up in belts around Santiago, close to tidy neighborhoods of the middle class. With the government's tacit consent, peasants seized huge estates owned by absentee landlords, and in their zeal even took land from small farmers.

In office, Allende made at least two crucial political mistakes. One was to forget—or at least ignore—the fact that he had entered office as a minority winner. In the tumultuous 1970 election, Allende led the two other candidates,

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but gained only 36.3% of the popular vote. According to the constitution, the Chilean Congress was called on to choose the winner. It followed tradition by selecting Allende, the front runner. He thus became President even though nearly two thirds of the voters preferred other men. But he ruled as though he had the nation behind him.

March of the Pots. Allende's second mistake was to assume that the middle and upper classes would placidly accept his "Chilean road to socialism" so long as all things were done constitutionally. They never did. "If we have to burn half of Chile to save it from Communism, then we will do it," threatened Roberto Thieme, leader of an extremist right-wing organization called Fatherland and Liberty. More moderate opponents were less outraged but equally adamant against Allende's plans to

The principal cause of Allende's downfall was his inability to settle a series of crippling strikes—staged not by leftist labor unions but by the President's implacable middle-class enemies. Earlier this year, workers at El Teniente, the world's largest underground copper mine, marched out on a 74-day strike for higher wages that cost the government nearly \$75 million in lost revenue.

The unrest spread. Three weeks after the copper strike was settled, the powerful truckers (most of the country's commerce travels by road) went out on strike again. They had first struck in October, complaining about a lack of spare parts and the government's increasing trucking operations. This time they charged that Allende had reneged on agreements made last fall to ease both situations. The new strike cost Chile nearly \$6 million a day as food supplies

of this year) and meager incomes. To prevent chaos, the President tried to make peace with the opposition Christian Democrats. Nothing came of the dialogue because the party was badly split. One faction urged support for the government. Another, led by ex-President Frei, was determined to help topple it by withholding cooperation.

In an effort to reduce right-wing opposition and frighten the truckers, Allende persuaded commanders of the armed forces to come into his Cabinet. That was a serious error, since it politicized the military, which had tried to stay above the crisis; into pro- and anti-Allende factions. The result was a chaotic revolving-door politics.

Less than ten days after he had been appointed Public Works Minister with responsibility for settling the truckers' strike, Air Force General César Ruiz Danyau resigned, charging that he had not been given enough authority. Anti-Allende factions within the military then forced General Carlos Prats González, the army's commander in chief, to resign as Minister of Defense. He was replaced by General Pinochet, now president of the junta.

The reunited Christian Democrats greeted the coup with jubilation. They issued a junta-approved statement deplored the violence but offering support for Chile's new leaders. The party statement went on to note that the Christian Democrats were certain that power would be returned "to the sovereign people" as soon as "the burdensome tasks of the junta have been completed."

Tragic History. Later in the week, the new Interior Minister, General Bonilla, promised that Chile would be returned to civilian rule, but did not say when. Most observers assumed that the military would be in power quite some time—long enough, at any rate, to try to wipe out whatever vestiges of Marxism remain in the country.

Democracy has all too often been the victim of South America's tragic history of violence and upheaval. Today fully 70% of its 200 million people are subject to some kind of military rule. In many cases the officers ousted leftists or populist leaders, such as Brazil's João Goulart or Guatemala's Jacobo Arbenz, who had tried to change their nation's rigidly oligarchic structures. Allende is the latest in this line of ambitious but unsuccessful reformers.

Chile's military junta succeeded in its basic goal, getting rid of Allende, but the real question is: At what cost? As a spiritual inspiration to leftists, Allende may prove to be more potent dead than alive. On the other hand, his overthrow may convince radicals that a violent revolution, repressing all dissent, is the only sure way to socialism. Certainly this "decent, godless man" will never be forgotten by the poor of Chile, who regarded him as a secular savior. Which means that the next time a popular Marxist leader appears in Chile, his path to power may not be quite so peaceful.



BURNED-OUT INTERIOR OF PRESIDENTIAL PALACE IN SANTIAGO
Death in a turtleneck sweater, and a place among socialist martyrs.

broaden state controls. Opposition parties, controlling both houses of Congress, fought him all the time he was in power.

Some of the strongest opposition came from Chilean women, perhaps the most liberated in Latin America. As occasional meatless days became regular meatless weeks, they organized a "March of the Empty Pots" in 1971 to dramatize the rising cost and increasing shortages of food. The sound of spoons banging against empty pots became a symbolic klaxon of protest. The signal would suddenly begin in one quarter of Santiago and ripple all across the city, to the chagrin of the government. Two weeks ago, after Allende's supporters staged a massive rally in Plaza de la Constitución to celebrate the third anniversary of his election, 100,000 women turned out a day later for a counterdemonstration. They were dispersed with tear gas.

dwindled, fuel vanished and crop shortages loomed because seeds and fertilizer could not be delivered.

While most of the country survived on short rations, the truckers seemed unusually well equipped for a lengthy holdout. Recently, TIME Correspondent Rudolph Rauch visited a group of truckers camped near Santiago who were enjoying a lavish communal meal of steak, vegetables, wine and empanadas (meat pies). "Where does the money for that come from?" he inquired. "From the CIA," the truckers answered laughingly. In Washington, the CIA denied the allegation.

Meanwhile, the political polarization of Chile continued, with Allende seemingly unable to do much about it. The truckers' protest triggered sporadic strikes by doctors, shopkeepers and bus and taxi drivers angered by ballooning inflation (300% in the first six months



SYRIAN MIG SHOT DOWN BY ISRAELI JETS BURNING IN LEBANON

MIDDLE EAST

An Israeli Blitz v. Arab Summity

Patrolling in leisurely fashion off the Syrian coast near the port of Tartus last week, the two Israeli reconnaissance jets looked deceptively vulnerable. They were, after all, 125 nautical miles from the nearest Israeli border. But when alert Syrian MiG-21s moved in for the kill, the sitting ducks turned out to be seductive decoys. Israeli Phantoms and Mirages flying cover high overhead in the partly overcast skies pounced on the Syrian planes. In what was by far the biggest air battle in the Middle East since the 1967 Six-Day War, 13 Syrian MIGs were downed and one Israeli Mirage dropped into the sea.

That, at least, is the way the Israelis told it. Syrian authorities insisted that the battle had been touched off when two Israeli Phantoms streaked into Syria from the direction of Lebanon and broke the sound barrier over the inland cities of Homs and Hama. As Syrian planes rose to meet them, the Phantoms headed toward the sea, strafing a Syrian village on the way out. Over the Mediterranean, other Israeli fighters pounced on the Syrian pursuit. In the dogfight that followed, Syria said that it had shot down five Israeli jets and lost eight of its own, two of them falling in Lebanon.

Whether the Israelis merely laid an ambush for the Syrians or were actually probing the Syrian air defense system, their apparent intention was to display once again their superiority in the air. Asked what the Israelis were doing so far from home in the first place, Israeli Air Force Chief Benjamin Peled unconvincingly told correspondents at a Tel Aviv briefing: "We were carrying out a routine sea patrol to see what was going on in the area." More likely, the action was timed to coincide with the conclusion of a summit on Arab unity

in Cairo. It was, in short, a kind of Israeli psychological blitz designed to suggest that all Arab talk of future confrontations, united commands and renewed fedayeen action was futile in the face of Israeli military might.

If so, it seemed like another case of overkill. The summit was certainly noteworthy, if only for the fact that Jordan's King Hussein, who for three years has been shunned by most of his Arab brethren, traveled to Cairo to confer with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and Syrian President Hafez Assad. But their meeting produced no immediate plans for unified action.

No wonder—considering that neither Egypt nor Syria even had diplomatic relations with Jordan. The little kingdom has been a virtual outcast in Arab ranks ever since September 1970, when Hussein and his army clamped down with much bloodshed, on the fedayeen operating in his country. The crackdown cost Jordan's King a badly needed subsidy from Libya's Muammar Gaddafi (\$20 million annually) and froze Kuwait's substantial contribution (\$40 million annually) to Jordan. In August 1971, after the Jordanians threw out the remaining fedayeen forces, neighboring Syria severed diplomatic relations. A year later, Sadat broke relations over Hussein's proposal for the creation of a United Arab Kingdom, a federation of the East and West Banks of the Jordan River. The plan outraged the fedayeen and Sadat could do little else but support them.

Recently, however, Arab options have shrunk all round. Israel has undeniably achieved military and political supremacy. Egypt's maneuvering has been drastically cut by U.S.-Soviet détente. Sadat gambled that the U.S. would make concessions to the Arabs in its Middle East policy when he kicked the Russians out last year. He lost that gamble. Deciding to place emphasis on Arab self-reliance, he traveled to Saudi Arabia late last month to tighten relations with conservative King Feisal, enlist his aid in oil diplomacy, and persuade him to part with sizable financial aid for Egypt. Sadat also began seeking closer relations with Syria and with the oil-rich Gulf states; he visited Damascus and Qatar and met with the ruler of Kuwait in Cairo.

Sadat's main interest at the Cairo summit was not only to bring back together the so-called "confrontation states," but to reactivate the Eastern Front, composed of contingents from Jordan, Saudi Arabia and the Palestine Liberation Army. The idea, which was strongly supported by Hussein's good friend Feisal, was that the regrouped Arab military presence would, at the least, be an inconvenience to Israel, forcing it to deploy additional troops along its frontiers. For his part, Hussein had every reason to seek a rapprochement with Egypt and Syria and a resumption of Arab subsidies so long as he did not have to permit a return of the fedayeen.

The guerrilla issue was clearly the touchiest item on the agenda in Cairo. Hussein apparently expressed a willingness to let small units of the Palestine Liberation Army be based in Jordan under Jordanian command. But he balked at proposals that massive bands of guerrillas be allowed back in the lines under independent fedayeen command. The King's determined stand stalled the conference. When it ended after three days, Egypt announced that it was resuming diplomatic relations with Jordan, and Syria is expected to follow suit soon. But the communiqué made no reference to the fedayeen issue or to the Eastern front.

HUSSEIN & SADAT IN CAIRO



CAMBODIA

Bitter Round in a Senseless War

For nearly two weeks, Kompong Cham—Cambodia's third largest city—has been besieged by Khmer insurgents. During the initial onslaught, government forces were split in two and Communist-backed troops invested more than half of the T-shaped Mekong River town. Late last week the tide of battle turned. The besiegers began to drift away, and the Phnom-Penh government claimed a significant victory. TIME Correspondent Barry Hillenbrand rode a Cambodian helicopter into Kompong Cham, left the scene two days later with a convoy of wounded for the 75-mile voyage downriver to Phnom-Penh. His report:

The chopper spiraled down from its 4,500-ft. cruising altitude, darted over the flood-swollen Mekong toward a riverbank landing spot. Cambodian soldiers sucking Buddha amulets for luck leaped from the helicopter, lugging cases of food and ammu as they sprinted for shelter. As I jumped out of my seat and sloshed through knee-deep water toward the shore, insurgents began firing at us: the pilot had ill-advisedly put us down

in a no-man's land between the two forces. We were lucky. No one was hit.

Later, at the government command post, Major General Sar Hor, who was in charge of the city's defenses, spelled out the problems. At that point, government troops held less than a third of a square mile; the insurgents controlled 60% of the city and were pressing for more. But Sar Hor, a roly-poly man of 56 who wore several large oval rings on his fingers, was confident. "The situation was once very critical," he said, "but now it is merely critical. We will recapture what has been lost." There was reason for his growing optimism, and it became plainer over the next several days. River convoys and helicopters brought in enough troops and supplies to more than replace government losses.

Next door to the heavily fortified command bunker is the town hall. A small group of tough Cambodian special-forces troops walked in, exuberantly displaying a .50-cal. machine gun recovered from an enemy position that they had just destroyed. General Sar Hor pulled a wad of rags from his map case and handed the reward to Major Kim Phong, the group's commander. "Special forces, can do!" he shouted. Kim Phong, a tall, strapping Khmer with a stubby beard, who looks a bit like an Asian Lee Marvin, has been a soldier for 20 years, first for the French, then for U.S. Special Forces in Viet Nam, now with the Cambodian army. He speaks loud, brash G.I. English sprinkled with obscenities, leads his team on special missions and helps direct the local forces. He is one of the heroes of Kompong Cham's defense.

At night the city was alive with the

crash of battle as opposing forces lashed out at each other's defenses. The insurgents were lobbing 750 to 1,000 rounds of artillery and mortar into government-controlled areas every 24 hours, but many shells fell harmlessly into the leafy parks of the city. At 5:10 in the morning, a storm of fire began: red tracers flashed past the windows of the town hall, and a few mortar rounds landed in the compound. The soldier in the next cot jumped up. "Time to get up," he said. "It's their alarm clock. It happens every morning. After two hours they take a break and then give it another go later." Indeed the firing stopped by 7 o'clock. Walking along the streets of the city, I heard a babble of everyday sounds: cocks crowing, babies crying, people chattering. But the streets were empty of civilians. Families were locked behind the metal screens of their homes. Under the colonnades bordering the marketplace, soldiers cooked breakfast rice over fires made from ammo boxes.

With a government squad, I dashed into a building held by government troops. Inside were women and children, tensely listening to the firing, while the soldiers discussed plans to rocket the insurgent-held house next door. Alarmed, the women picked up their children and scurried off. So did the government troops, who decided that more reconnoitering was necessary.

Getting into Kompong Cham was a matter of a 35-minute chopper ride; getting out was not so simple. Detoured by ground fire, the choppers had stopped landing. I decided to ride out with the night convoy. The trip upriver takes 24 to 30 hours, because the boats are heavily loaded, but the return trip to Phnom-Penh is only five or six hours.

At the quay, the wounded began arriving in midafternoon. All night long, they were loaded aboard old U.S. landing craft. By 4 in the morning, we were under way. There was no water or food aboard, nor were there any trained medical aides. A few men moaned and called out; one vomited blood and twisted in pain. Most suffered silently. At three points on the voyage, insurgents fired mortar and machine-gun rounds at the boats, providing a fearfully beautiful display of red and yellow flashes in the clear moonlight. By the time we arrived at Phnom-Penh, some of the 400 wounded had died; others were unconscious as they were loaded onto trucks for the trip to the jam-packed hospital.

Some have called the battle of Kompong Cham a dress rehearsal for the expected siege of Phnom-Penh. Others have said that it was a diversion to drain off the best of President Lon Nol's troops. Still others have insisted that it was a major insurgent effort in which the rebels were soundly beaten. Some or all of these theories may be true. What is certain is that it was another bitter round in a senseless war.



CAMBODIAN SOLDIERS WAITING TO LEAVE BESIEGED KOMPONG CHAM
A very critical situation became merely critical.

SCANDINAVIA

Voting for More or Less Marxism

"You workers, don't forget that there may be countries where there are more rich people but nowhere are there so few poor! You old people, you were born in the poorest country in Europe, but now you live in the richest country in the world! You young people, our stand on the Viet Nam War did not make you want to pack your bags and take off!"

That was the message proclaimed by Olof Palme, 46, Sweden's combative Social Democratic Prime Minister, in rally after rally this month as he appealed for a new mandate from the country's voters. He sounded rather strident—and for good reason. The 5,000,000 citizens who trooped to the polls last week—a day after the death of King Gustaf VI Adolf at the age of 90—were voting not just on a new Parliament but on the future direction of Europe's model welfare state. As the votes were counted at week's end, it became clear that a majority of the voters were willing to travel again with Palme. The Prime Minister's party won 176 seats in the new Parliament, the opposition took 174.

After 41 years in power, Palme's Social Democrats—who, together with a scattering of Communists, have held a ten-seat majority in Parliament since 1970—faced their strongest opposition ever. It consisted of a nonsocialist coalition of the Center, Liberal and Moderate (conservative) parties, led by a ruggedly handsome farmer named Thorbjörn Fälldin, 47. If he won a second three-year term as Prime Minister, Palme promised to embark on an intensified campaign to increase the scope of socialism. Fälldin promised to halt that trend and to restore a measure of individual initiative to Sweden's increasingly straitjacketed society.

The campaign proved to be the most acrimonious in Sweden's generally placid political history. Palme accused his enemies of such dirty tricks as circulating anonymous letters claiming that he is subject to wild temper tantrums and has received electric shock treatments in mental hospitals. Coalition spokesmen, for their part, were angered by Palme's inflammatory speechmaking.

One unusual factor in the election was the activism of Sweden's business community, which feared that Palme's plans might include expropriation of industries. Some corporate leaders stopped investing in plants, while others threatened to leave the country if he were re-elected. Business has felt almost totally excluded from the running of the country. "Palme prefers confrontation to consultation," complained one Stockholm banker, adding that the Prime Minister had destroyed the congenial spirit of cooperation that linked businessmen and the Social Democrats during the regime

of Palme's easygoing predecessor, Tage Erlander. "There is a feeling of uncertainty and unease about Palme," says a leading industrialist. "Does he understand that, basically, a country depends for progress on its financial possibilities? We doubt it." The direct, sensible Fälldin, as another businessman put it, was looked upon as someone "who would immediately inspire much greater trust from all quarters." Fälldin still works his 460-acre farm in central Sweden, and, with a Sherlock Holmes pipe always close at hand, presented a down-to-earth contrast to the intellectual Prime Minister.

Fälldin, who leads the Center Party, promised to create 100,000 new jobs through tax incentives and government



COALITION LEADER FÄLLDIN

Road signs for Europe's model welfare state.

Parliament a bill that enables the government to use Sweden's \$15.9 billion pension fund—the largest single source of capital in the country—to buy shares in Swedish companies. Another plan in effect provides for workers' representatives to sit on the board of every Swedish company with more than 100 employees. Palme's next project would be a law requiring corporations to negotiate all hirings and firings with the unions. Also in prospect was a new law that would force businesses to contribute part of their profits to a fund that the workers would use to buy shares—and ultimately ownership—of their companies.

By promising that kind of program, Palme had made the choice facing Swedish voters last weekend sharper than it had been for decades.

The voters of Norway also went to the polls, in the closest and most chaotic election of the country's recent his-

PHOTO BY SWEDISH PRESS



PRIME MINISTER PALME

grants. He also advocated a thoroughgoing decentralization of Swedish government. His allies in the Liberal Party hammered away mainly on reform of Sweden's burdensome tax structure. "It has to be worthwhile to work again," said Liberal Leader Gunnar Helén. "The tax system has taken private initiative out of life." None of the parties recommended any departure from Sweden's long tradition of neutrality. Foreign policy will probably be the one aspect of Swedish life not affected by the election.

In reply, Palme argued that Sweden never had it so good, that the economy was turning up, that he had kept food prices relatively stable and held yearly inflation to an acceptable standard (for Europe) of about 7%. For the long term, he promised to move Sweden away from a mixed economy toward more Marxism. Palme has already pushed through

"Swedes are the highest taxed people in the world, paying up to 42% of gross national product to the taxman [in 30% in the U.S. and 19% in Japan]."

tory. Last week after the votes were counted—and repeatedly re-counted—an unstable alliance of leftist parties emerged with a bare majority of one: 78 seats to 77 for six nonsocialist parties. Surprisingly, the bulwark of the victorious coalition—the Labor Party, which has dominated the country's politics for 28 years—was the biggest loser. Its representation in Parliament fell from 74 seats to 62, forcing it to depend heavily on the Communists and left-wing Socialists to stay in power.

The election results were a distant echo of last year's traumatic referendum, in which a majority of voters rejected Norway's proposed membership in the European Economic Community. As a consequence, the Labor Party, which had supported membership, was forced to resign; in the ensuing period of recriminations and soul-searching, several new splinter parties were formed. Labor Party Leader Trygve Bratteli has vowed that his new government will not take orders from anyone,

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but he can not totally ignore the radical goals of other members of his alliance. These include increased taxation for wealthy Norwegians, a reduction in defense spending and eventual withdrawal from NATO.

SOVIET UNION

Sakharov's Defense

To many Western observers, the recent campaign of criticism directed against Soviet Physicist Andrei Sakharov appeared to be a prologue to his arrest or exile. Last week, though, a massive wave of protest in the U.S. and Europe dampened—at least temporarily—the Kremlin's wrath against the great scientist. Soviet threats that Sakharov

ended congressional opposition to granting the Soviets the most-favored-nation status that is necessary for the expansion of trade. The MFN bill faces a tough battle in the House Ways and Means Committee. Last week Representative Wilbur Mills, the chairman of the committee, said: "I cannot see the U.S. expanding commercial markets with the Soviet Union if the price is to be paid in the martyrdom of men of genius like Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov." Even Secretary of State Designate Henry Kissinger pronounced himself personally "disappointed" and "dismayed" by Soviet repression. At the same time, he reiterated the Administration's position that the aim of U.S. foreign policy is the relaxation of tensions and not the transformation of Soviet society. Otherwise, said Kissinger, "we will find ourselves massively involved in every country in the world."

At week's end, that view was challenged by Sakharov himself. In an extraordinary open letter to Congress, he urged passage of an amendment proposed by Senator Henry M. Jackson that would make MFN status for Russia contingent upon free emigration. Sakharov argued that the amendment should be a "minimum" condition for détente; if it is not passed, he added, the result will be "a strengthening of repression on ideological grounds."

In Purgatory. Another blow to Soviet hopes came from the U.S. National Academy of Sciences. In a cable to the President of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, the American group warned that "harassment or detention of Sakharov will have severe effects upon the relationships between the scientific communities of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. and could vitiate our recent effort toward increasing scientific interchange and cooperation." In the opinion of one ranking U.S. Sovietologist, "The impact of the U.S. academy's position could be greater than the withholding of MFN. The whole Soviet scientific community could be put in purgatory and much-sought-after technological breakthroughs will be limited."

In the wake of these protests, the ten-day-long Soviet press campaign against Sakharov came to an abrupt halt. Instead, the Soviets set out to placate Western opinion. In an attempt to forestall possible disruption of the European Security Conference talks in Geneva this week, *Izvestia* published assurances that the meeting would take place "in a favorable psychological climate." Then, in a dramatic gesture of conciliation, the Soviets stopped jamming Voice of America, BBC and West German Russian-language broadcasts to the U.S.S.R. for the first time since 1968. This was a major concession to Western nations participating in the ESC; they have insisted on Soviet guarantees of free exchange of ideas and information.

Meanwhile, Sakharov remained imperturbable. In yet another of his now famous forbidden interviews with foreign

newsmen, he asked that the security conference consider the plight of dissidents being tortured in Soviet psychiatric Asylums. As for himself, he said: "I am no more afraid now than I have ever been. The world has its eyes on me. I think the world will save me."

Solzhenitsyn nominated Sakharov for the peace prize in a surprisingly choler and wide-ranging 3,000-word article for Oslo's daily *Aftenposten*. In it, he attacked Western liberals for what he termed their readiness to denounce oppression in rightist countries and their reluctance to criticize the Soviet Union. "Such profound hypocrisy is characteristic of American political life today," Solzhenitsyn continued, referring to Watergate. "Without in any way defending Nixon or the Republican Party, I am amazed at the affected, loudmouthed wrath of the Democrats. Wasn't American democracy full of mutual deception during previous election campaigns?"

NORTHERN IRELAND

The Provos' Problems

The Irish, among their other gifts, have a talent for marking the significant moment. Last week ten young men and women, all from Ulster, went on trial in the city of Winchester for the bombings last March of Whitehall and the Old Bailey courthouse. Shortly before 1 p.m. on the same day, a youth described by witnesses as "not even old enough to shave" tossed a paper bag into a passageway at busy King's Cross station. With a deafening roar, a three-pound gelignite bomb went off, spraying the lunch-hour crowd with glass and debris and injuring five people.

The bomb was only the first in a stepped-up campaign of terror last week in Britain. Police believe it is the work of the Irish Republican Army. Forty-five minutes after the King's Cross explosion, a second bomb ripped through a snack bar at Euston station, half a mile away. Later in the week two more bombs exploded at office buildings in the heart of London. Although there have been more than 40 bombing incidents in the past month, no one—extraordinarily—has been killed. But as the risks and casualties have mounted (31 people injured so far), so has British ire. "Why don't they come out and fight?" cried one angry man as he was evacuated from a railroad station. "Why don't these people come out and face us man to man if they've got something to say?"

In fact, the terrorists' maddeningly effective ability to spread havoc and fear is far out of proportion to their numbers. Police believe that no more than six persons, split between two small Provisional I.R.A. cells, are involved. The war of nerves, as Scotland Yard sees it, is a desperate, last-ditch attempt by the badly-scattered Provos to make the British so fed up that they will withdraw



ANDREI SAKHAROV IN MOSCOW

"The world will save me."

might be brought to trial for his bold criticism of totalitarian conditions in the U.S.S.R. and the increasing repression of dissidents (*TIME*, Sept. 17) moved Western chiefs of state, foreign ministers, and scientists to public indignation. Their words carried a grave undertone of menace to the Soviet Union's hopes for economic cooperation with the West.

In West Germany, the father of *Ostpolitik*, Chancellor Willy Brandt, expressed his "solidarity" with Sakharov and other dissidents "endangered because of their convictions." In ordinarily neutral Austria, Chancellor Bruno Kreisky called for a "democratic counterweight" to protect Russian libertarians like Sakharov. From Russia came a spirited defense of Sakharov by Author Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who has been the target of Soviet vituperation since he won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1970. Last week he nominated Sakharov for the Nobel Prize for peace.

In the U.S., the Sakharov case hard-

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THE WORLD

their troops from Ulster. But the bombings could also backfire and stiffen British resolve to stick it out. Late last week, the I.R.A., which had previously refused to confirm or deny responsibility for the bombings, virtually admitted its guilt. In a statement addressed to Prime Minister Edward Heath, the Provos warned: "We shall strike when and wherever we deem it necessary."

The fact that the I.R.A. Provos are still functioning at all is something of a triumph for the organization. The British army command claims that it has broken the back of the I.R.A. in Ulster—and that is probably true. In the past five months, more than 300 suspected I.R.A. members in Northern Ireland have been detained. British intelligence experts estimate that there are only 20 full-time Provo activists left in Belfast, down from a peak of 1,100 in 1972. The average young Provisional is either picked up or shot within three months after he joins the I.R.A. As a result, recruits have grown younger and younger, often including 15-year-olds.

In Belfast, where gun battles once raged through the streets, there are now only occasional rounds of sniper fire.

Army deaths are down to one a month, compared with 20 a month a year ago. Military units have occupied such rebel strongholds as the Ballymurphy and Andersonstown districts of Belfast.

Heavy Losses. The I.R.A. has now all but lost its command structure. Two weeks ago, the Provos' chief of staff, Seamus Twomey, 54, was picked up by the Irish Republic *garde* as he slept in a farmhouse across the border. Now only one veteran I.R.A. leader remains outside of jail: David O'Connell, 35, a former schoolteacher and senior political strategist. Because of the heavy losses, the Provos' cumbersome old-style military organization has been abandoned for five- and six-man cells or "active service units," which operate independently and take their orders directly from what remains of the Provisionals' army council in the South. Tactics run mainly to hit-and-run operations on unsuspecting civilian targets, often in the border areas, in a pattern markedly similar to the British bombings.

The Provos have also lost crucial public support. Catholic communities in Ulster no longer feel that they need the I.R.A. for protection against Protestant

violence, and an increasing number of former sympathizers are now asking why and for how long the present warfare must go on. Last week O'Connell reportedly conceded that the Provisionals face serious rivals for power within the Catholic community—the Social Democratic and Labor Party and the Marxist-leaning I.R.A. Officials, who fell out with the Provisionals over the Provos' emphasis on military tactics four years ago. O'Connell is thought to be convinced, however, that the British are committed to getting out of Northern Ireland sooner or later, and that the Provos must survive in order to remain a force to be dealt with after the pullout.

Although the Provos seem uncertain about where to move next, their dogged persistence has earned them grudging respect from their adversaries. Says one leader of the I.R.A. Officials: "The Provos just keep punching along, like Mr. Micawber, hoping that something will turn up. But their big problem is that they have now raised a physical monster and are trying to re-educate it into becoming a political force. They have to, you know," he adds, "otherwise the Provos might really become dangerous."

A Chunnel for the "Great Wet Ditch"

After 171 years of debate, negotiations and utopian dreams, the British government last week gave its final blessing to a project that will physically unite the tight little isle with the European continent. The project: building a tunnel beneath the "great wet ditch" that Britons chauvinistically refer to as the English Channel and Frenchmen call *La Manche* (The Sleeve). According to

the timetable laid out in a government White Paper, on Nov. 15 Britain and France will sign a treaty committing the two nations to support the construction of a 32-mile tunnel between the Kentish village of Cheriton and Fréthun near Calais. Construction of "the chunnel," as it has been unfortunately dubbed by Britons, is expected to start within 18 months. Estimated cost: \$2.1 billion. By 1980, if all goes well, sleek, fast trains will be whisking passengers between London and Paris in a mere 3 hours and 40 minutes.

Originally proposed in 1802 by French Engineer Albert Mathieu, whose plan envisioned horse-drawn coaches passing through a candlelit tube, the tunnel idea has a long history of revivals and rejections. In the 1850s another French engineer, Aimé Thomé de Gamond, drew up a scheme for a railway tunnel. Queen Victoria promised De Ga-

mond the blessing of "all the ladies of England" if he could carry it off, but the whole thing was quashed by suspicions that Napoleon III might have in mind a cross-Channel invasion.

Throughout, the French have shown more enthusiasm for the tunnel idea than the British, who have tended to agree with Sir Garnet Wolseley's 1882 protest that this link between England and the Continent would provide "a constant inducement to the unscrupulous foreigner to make war upon us." Although the security argument has faded into the background, skepticism among the British remains strong today. Detractors of the tunnel complain that the government has rushed ahead so quickly with the project that it has not given due consideration to alternatives, as, for example, bigger and better Hovercraft. Its proponents reply, however, that following British entry into the Common Market, the tunnel has become a straightforward economic proposition. British Transport officials estimate that the tunnel, in its first year of operation, will carry 15 million passengers and at least 5,000,000 tons of freight.

While the tunnel may well be the best possible way to maintain Britain's thrust into Europe, it will have its victims. Impassioned objections have come from the Kentish villages that will be most affected. Residents are justifiably worried that their green and pleasant countryside will turn into a nightmarish octopus of access roads and tracks leading to and from the tunnel terminus. Complained William Hunt, 46, of Newington: "We don't count. We're like a pea on top of a mountain. If they don't want us, they just flick us away."

A CHUNNEL VISION (1914)



The Channel Tunnel



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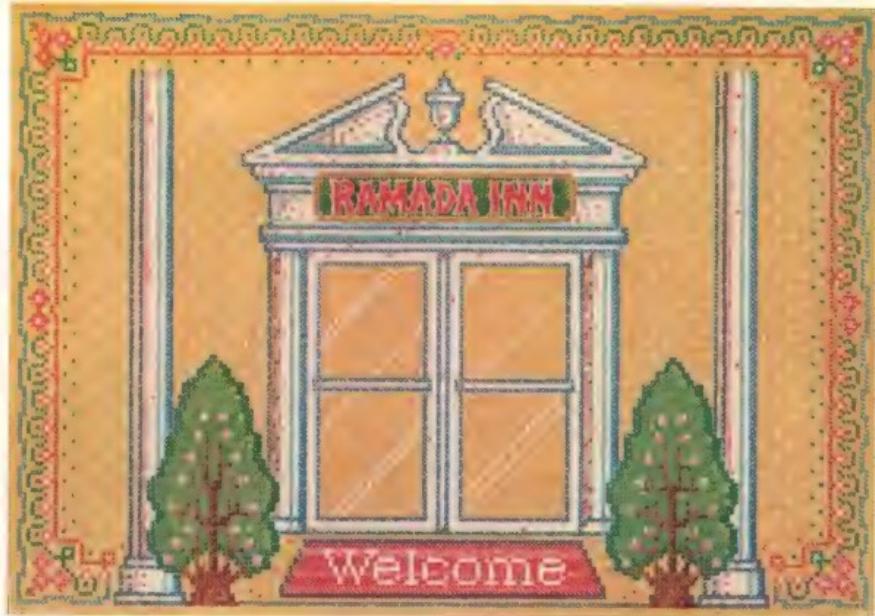
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FRENCH PRESIDENT POMPIDOU & CHOU EN-LAI AT PEKING BANQUET

DIPLOMACY

Pompidou in Peking

Compared with the punctilious reception accorded Richard Nixon upon his arrival in Peking, French President Georges Pompidou enjoyed gala ribbon-and-banner treatment at the start of his week-long visit to China. More than 4,000 brightly dressed schoolgirls were at the airport last week to cheer and wave at the arriving 15-man French delegation. Seven of China's new 25-member Politburo were also on hand, including Premier Chou En-lai and the newly risen star Wang Hung-wen (TIME, Sept. 17). Pompidou himself matched the warmth of his welcome. Beginning his two-hour meeting with Mao Tse-tung—twice as long as Nixon's talk with the venerable Party Chairman—Pompidou declared: "It is a great honor for me to be able to meet the man who has changed the visage of the world."

Mixed with the welcoming festivities and the obligatory sightseeing tours was some serious business. The talks centered not so much on Sino-French relations per se as on China's intensifying interest in Western Europe as a bulwark against Soviet "hegemonism." As successor to De Gaulle, Pompidou is, in Chinese eyes, heir to De Gaulle's vision of a strong, independent Europe, a vision which Peking supports. Chou and Mao thus warned Pompidou of the extent of the Russian menace. "The danger of war still exists," insisted Chou during an evening banquet. The danger, he added, comes from "a small number of people in the world who... dream the dreams of 18th century feudal emperors. Their doctrine or creed is: 'The world, it is I!'" For his part, Pompidou said that France was still committed to seeking détente with the U.S.S.R.

JAPAN

A Judge Says No

Article Nine of the constitution that the U.S. military government imposed on Japan in 1946 states clearly that "land, sea and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained." Despite that stern injunction—and persistent criticism from left-wing groups—Japan's self-defense forces have been gradually built up to a strength of nearly 260,000 men. Now, a judge has ruled that the forces are unconstitutional.

The ruling, by Sapporo District Court Judge Shigeo Fukushima, came in response to a suit brought by a group of farmers who challenged the government's release of some state forest preserve for the construction of a Nike missile base. The government has vowed to appeal; civil procedures being slow in Japan, it could take anywhere from two to six years before the Supreme Court decides the case.

The ruling will not take effect unless the government's attempt to reverse it fails—an unlikely prospect at best. In the meantime, the decision will have an adverse effect on recruitment and morale of the self-defense forces. The decision also creates a problem for the government involving recently reacquainted Okinawa, where 4,840 men have been stationed in anticipation of approval by the Diet of a bill authorizing a new defense command on the island. But the Sapporo rulung, has put a new obstacle in the path of this legislation. Now Premier Kakuei Tanaka cannot withdraw the men without violating the obligations undertaken in the U.S.-Japan revision agreement. And he cannot keep them there without arousing howls of protest from the Socialists and Communists in the Diet.

SOUTH AFRICA

The Ghost of Sharpeville

The second shift of workers were ready to board the huge bucket that would carry them down to the bottom of the mine shaft, two miles below the surface. The scene: the No. 2 shaft of the Western Deep Levels gold mine in Carletonville, about 50 miles west of Johannesburg. Suddenly rioting broke out. A swelling mob of African mine workers, angered by a chronic wage and job dispute, went rampaging through the pit area, stoning white officials, looting and setting fire to buildings.

Shortly after 8 p.m., a squad of 22 policemen entered the riot area and pleaded with the mob to disperse. A vicious baton charge followed, punctuated by volleys of tear gas. Then the order to open fire rang out, and history seemed to repeat itself. At dawn eleven blacks lay dead, cut down by police bullets. Another 27 were injured.

To many South Africans, the scene brought back memories of another massacre, in which 69 blacks died in a withering hail of bullets outside the Sharpeville police station 13 years ago. The Sharpeville victims had been protesting the abusive passbook policy imposed on 16 million blacks in the name of *apartheid* by the ruling white minority government.

Happy Mine. By contrast, last week's incident at Western Deep—known ironically as "the happy mine" because of its relatively modern facilities and good labor relations—grew out of a dispute triggered indirectly by a 46% wage increase. Rock-drill machine operators resented the narrowing of the pay differential between themselves and less skilled workers who had been moved into higher wage brackets. But the roots of the dispute reach far deeper and suggest the widespread dissatisfaction among black workers in South Africa with the gaping disparity between their wages and those of whites. According to one study, cash salaries of black mine workers remained virtually unchanged from 1911 to 1969, while those of whites increased by 70%.

South Africans were stunned by the sudden bloodshed. Students picketed Western Deep's offices in downtown Johannesburg with signs saying LOW WAGES CAUSE REVOLUTION AND SAP [South African Police] IS TRIGGER HAPPY. The English-language press called for an inquiry, and the Natal Mercury cautioned that South Africans should take the incident as a warning about the increasing tensions and frustrations generated by the years of *apartheid*. South Africa's implacable Prime Minister, John Vorster, seemed to take a different view; he praised the police for acting with "considerable restraint." Meanwhile, as the Africans mourned their dead, Western Deep's shareholders were assured that gold production had not been affected by the incident.



TRICIA ON MAZIE'S DAY



MAZIE WATCHES BRINK BUSS HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW



WOODY PLAYS A GIG

"This is Mazie's day," said Tricia Nixon Cox at the Westhampton Beach, N.Y., wedding of her sister-in-law Mary Ann Livingston Delafield Cox (daughter of the Socially Registered Howard Coxes) and Brinkley Stimson Thorne, who like his bride is a graduate of the Yale School of Architecture. Tricia was in pink chiffon and Husband Ed wore a dark gray pin-stripe suit, but many of the guests came in jeans or granny dresses. Mazie started out in her great-aunt's ivory satin wedding gown and ended up in a bathing suit and Indian shirt. For the ceremony itself, the guests were arranged in a circle symbolizing the Cheyenne medicine wheel. Later, a magician "levitated" the newlyweds and finally made them disappear in a puff of smoke.

Woody Allen, 37, the bespectacled funnyman who has schlemied his way through a series of hit movies including *Play It Again, Sam*, is in dead earnest about playing Dixieland jazz. Allen has just begun his second year as a regular Monday-night combo clarinetist at Michael's Pub, a Manhattan swingers' watering hole. It happens that Woody's next movie, *Sleeper*, is about a clarinet player, but Director Woody decided not to give himself the part.

Bob Hope, 70, is celebrating his 23rd year on TV and with actress Ann-Margret, 32, enacts his version of the Billie Jean King Bobby Riggs tennis match. Playing out of a phone booth while talking to his agent, occasionally reading a magazine, looking at her backward through a mirror or milking a cow, "Bobby Higgs" is handily beating an irate "Billie Jean

Margret." Until she starts doing bumps and grinds, at which point he strips down to star-spangled shorts and starts a verbal rally. "I've a better forehand, backhand and much prettier legs," Higgs boasts. "Are those your legs?" lobs Billie Jean Margret. "I thought they were two obsolete road maps. I dig antiquities." Smash. Game. Show.

Julie Nixon Eisenhower's career as a third-grade teacher in Jacksonville, Fla., was halted the day after it started by a book cart that fell on her foot and broke her toe. Now, two years after the accident, Julie, who holds a master's in education, is returning to work as a \$10,000-a-year editor for four children's magazines owned by Curtis Publishing Co. A White House spokesman said that Julie decided to get a job when she realized that her husband David Eisenhower, who is entering law school at George Washington University, "will be studying all the time." She will work partly at home in Bethesda, Md., partly at her publisher's offices in Indianapolis. Her commuting fare will be paid by her employer; her Secret Service man's fare by the Government.

British Author J.B. (John Boynton) Priestley, 79, who has outlived most of his literary rivals, has just come out with his 99th publication, a book entitled *The English*, whom many of his admirers think he epitomizes. In London, one of his plays, *An Inspector Calls*, has been restaged at the Mermaid, and another, *Eden End*, is slated as a tribute from the National Theater Company in April. Even his native Bradford, which Priestley has written about nonstop too kindly, conferred the freedom of the city on him. As for growing old, Priestley explained what it was like: "It is as though walking down Shaftesbury Avenue as a fairing young man. I was suddenly kidnaped,



"BOBBY HIGGS" PSYCHS "BILLIE JEAN MARGRET"



THE POINTER SISTERS SCATTING AT ROSELAND



MS. AMERICA PLANS AHEAD

PEOPLE

rushed into a theater and made to don the gray hair, the wrinkles and the other attributes of age, then wheeled onstage. Behind the appearance of age I am the same person, with the same thoughts, as when I was younger."

The nostalgically costumed dancing audience looked like leftovers from that famous last tango in Paris. But the scene was Manhattan's huge, tacky Roseland Ballroom, and the crowd was bopping to '30s songs like *Minnie the Moocher*. The occasion: The Pointer Sisters' highly hooplaed New York debut, hard on the spike heels of their hit album, simply titled *The Pointer Sisters*. "We're not rhythm and blues or jazz. We're a new category—variety," declared Ruth, the oldest of the four daughters of an Oakland preacher. The quartet mixed jive talk with Lambert, Hendricks and Ross-like jazz and performed some marvelously energetic and ornate scat that called down visions of Cab Calloway.

"I think the Miss America program is moving along, looking for another kind of woman," explained Winner for 1974 **Rebecca Ann King** to the *Today Show's* Barbara Walters as they discussed this year's consciousness-raised Atlantic City pageant. Certainly the former Miss Colorado showed herself to be one of a new breed. Her eyes remained dry throughout her coronation. When her sister said she expected to see Becky cry only on her wedding day, Becky retorted: "That's not a very realistic possibility... adding that she might not even get married. Ms. America, an Iowa farmer's daughter and college graduate, has other plans first, like law school and a juvenile court judgeship."

When Cincinnati Clockmaker Joseph Bochenek took his son Chris, 12, to visit **George Wallace** in Montgomery,

it was not to offer the Alabama Governor his political support. Bochenek wanted Wallace's support for his own drive to raise funds for research into spinal injuries and to boost his son's morale. Young Chris lost the use of his legs when a friend accidentally shot him in the spine just five days before the assassination attempt on Wallace. When the two paralytics got together, it was obvious that they were not down in spirits. Counselled Wallace: "The fact that we're in this position doesn't preclude a useful and pleasurable life." Replied Chris, who manages to play baseball and even touch football and who since his accident has learned to ride his horse and do wheelchair tricks: "That's it in a nutshell. We can't stand up, but there are so many other things we can do."

Helen Gahagan Douglas, 72, the former actress whom her opponent in the 1950 California Senate race dubbed the "Pink Lady" because of her supposed links with the Communist Party ("[She] is pink right down to her underwear," declared **Richard Nixon**), has turned up again, on the cover of *Ms.* magazine.

Living in Vermont with her husband of 42 years, Actor **Melvyn Douglas**, the ex-politico has been watching the Watergate hearings and raking up old memories. Among them: voting against a House resolution that would have forced all Executive agencies to make confidential information available to Congress—a bill fellow California Representative Nixon voted for.



CHRIS SHOWS GEORGE A TRICK

HELEN GAHAGAN DOUGLAS CAMPAIGNING IN 1950



The Student Lobbyists

They have neither long experience nor large expense accounts. If they wine and dine legislators, it is on potluck dinners of hamburgers or spaghetti. But after two years of work in the California Capitol in Sacramento, members of the University of California Student Lobby have influenced the allocation of well over \$8,000,000 and won the respect of once skeptical lawmakers.

"A lot of professional lobbyists would do much better if they could be half as good," says State Education Adviser Dr. Alex Sheriff, California Governor Ronald Reagan, hardly a friend of student activists, now shares Sheriff's estimate and considers the lobby "one of the university's strongest assets."

Started in 1971 with \$35,000 in student contributions, the U.C. Student Lobby was the first of its kind, but it now has its imitators at other campuses, such as the State University of New York and the University of Colorado. Alumni from the California lobby went east and founded the National Student Lobby in Washington, D.C., to pressure Congress and federal agencies for financial aid to students.

The U.C. lobby operates on a yearly budget of \$50,000, provided by the student unions at each of the university's nine campuses. It is headed by three recent U.C. graduates (Kevin Bacon, Linda Bond, Tom DeLapp) assisted by nine student interns. The directors make \$600 a month and serve for up to two years. Each intern works for ten weeks, has his rent in Sacramento paid, and receives academic credit for his service.

CHRISTOPHER SPURGEON



LOBBYIST BACON (LEFT) WITH LEGISLATOR
An exciting life at 23.

Bacon claims to have learned more in Sacramento "than in all my years of education put together. It's an exciting life, being only 23 and affecting the allocation of millions of dollars."

Among the lobby's achievements:

- Obtaining a \$1,000,000 fund to evaluate and upgrade undergraduate courses and teachers.
- Pushing successfully for \$2,000,000 in state payments for student aid programs to replace those abolished by President Nixon's cutbacks.
- Securing \$1.6 million in additional student financial aid for the 1972-73 year and \$2.5 million for 1973-74.

Recalls co-director Bond: "When we first started we really didn't zero in on anything. We attacked a whole spectrum of problems like prison reform, women's rights and the environment. Now we just concern ourselves with student-related issues." It was this focus and devotion to detail that began to win the respect of legislators. Says Assembly Speaker Bob Moretti: "I've seen them with my own eyes turn legislators around. They've been effective because they know what they're lobbying about."

The lobby's clout was also enhanced when the voting age was reduced to 18 years in 1971. That added over 1,000,000 youths to the state's voting rolls. Says the U.C.'s official Sacramento lobbyist, Jay Michael: "Now legislators really have to listen to this group because their constituency poses a voting threat."

The U.C. student lobbyists operate in much the same manner as more professional groups. Each day all twelve lobbyists receive a complete rundown of all the bills being proposed on either the senate or assembly floor. A bill falls into one of three categories—oppose, favor, watching. If the lobbyists are opposed to a bill, they try to persuade the sponsor to withdraw it. Each month the lobby puts out a score card of the upcoming bills and its attitude toward them.

Linda Bond says that it disturbs her "when people say the campuses are quiet. There are no more protests because they are no longer effective. Listen, you just don't get a million dollars by sitting on the Governor's front lawn. We're just smarter now."

Madame Provost

"Women, I love them," said Yale President Kingman Brewster Jr. one day last spring. His comment was inspired by this year's 188 coed graduates—the first women to complete four undergraduate years at Yale. Last week Brewster demonstrated his enthusiasm for women at Yale by appointing Historian Hanna Holborn Gray to the key position of provost. When she takes up her post next July, Mrs. Gray will be the university's chief educational and financial officer and possible heiress to the presidency



HISTORIAN HANNA HOLBORN GRAY
She understands Machiavelli.

Although Mrs. Gray never studied at Yale, she has "a very special feeling" about the place because she grew up in New Haven. Her father, the late historian Hajo Holborn, came to Yale in 1934 as a refugee from Nazi Germany. Mrs. Gray herself went to Bryn Mawr before receiving her doctorate from Radcliffe. She has taught at Bryn Mawr, Harvard and the University of Chicago, where her husband Charles now is a professor of English history. Since 1971 she has been dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Northwestern, and after describing herself as "stunned" by her new appointment, she adds: "I never expected to leave here. Now I have got to educate myself for this."

There are hard lessons to learn. Yale has been running at a loss for about five years (current deficit: \$1,000,000), and Mrs. Gray already knows that, as she puts it, "academic planning is intimately related to the operating budget." Then there is the problem of coeducation. Says Mrs. Gray: "I think there is a feeling among the Yale women that they have not been fully accepted in the community. This is a disadvantage for the girls and poor for the university."

At 42, Mrs. Gray is not unprepared for her future. Aside from her practical experience, her scholarly studies on the Renaissance include a chapter on "Machiavelli: The Art of Politics and the Paradox of Power" in a collection of essays honoring her father. Defining the theories of the 15th century master of Florentine intrigue she wrote: "The virtuoso of power ... can be judged by the work he produces. It is good or bad according to its effectiveness, and what renders it noteworthy and successful may be ascribed to the qualities, actions and policies he has brought into play."

**This healthy, normal baby has a handicap.
She was born female.**



W. H. Freeman

When she grows up, her job opportunities will be limited, and her pay low. As a sales clerk, for instance, she'll earn half of what a man does. If she goes to college, she'll still earn less than many men with a 9th grade education. Maybe you

don't care—but it's a fact—job discrimination based on sex is against the law. And it's a waste. Think about your own daughter—she's handicapped too.

Womanpower. It's much too good to waste.

For information: NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund Inc., 127 East 59th Street, Dept. K, New York, N.Y. 10022

Viva Viva?

While introducing *Viva*, his new "international magazine for women," Editor-Publisher Bob Guccione describes his kind of female—"lusty, real, indefatigable, down-to-earth, fetching, bright, sexy, uncompromising." If that paragon reads the first issue this week, she is likely to decide that Guccione is putting her on.

Guccione made his reputation with *Penthouse*, his raunchy, lighthearted supersex magazine for men (TIME, July 30). *Viva* was supposed to be a bright and sophisticated monthly for women who find *Cosmopolitan* too coy. It is a logical goal, but the problems begin with the publisher himself. To place the magazine in a cosmic context, Guccione makes the dubious prophecy that "a new epoch of madness and excess awaits us." He protests against the Supreme Court's pornography decision saying the court "sodomizes the Constitution."

Beefcake Act. If readers can survive Guccione's pretensions, they will find an impressive list of authors: J.P. Donleavy, Joyce Carol Oates, Tom Wicker, plus an interview with Norman Mailer. The fiction by Donleavy and Oates, however, is thin, and the article by Wicker is merely a stale list of proposed political reforms. Mailer, certainly a timely subject for a probing interview in a women's magazine, was questioned ever so gently by an old friend and sometime associate, Buzz Farber. In fact, only eight of the 23 contributors are women. Even a solid advice article on how women can protect themselves from VD is written by a man. Two other articles are clearly directed toward women, one on the aphrodisiac aspects of smell and the other on male sexual fantasies. The first is old-hat, the second a bit sick.

A Guccione magazine, of course, is worth nothing without exposed flesh, and *Viva* has that. In a 15-page color spread about a promiscuous picnic in Old England, the softly lit photos show total female nudity but, surprisingly, the man is as carefully shielded as Marlon Brando in *Last Tango in Paris*. A 14-page beefcake act by a ruggedly handsome young boxer is beautifully done, but is marred by self-conscious cropping of poses in the locker room and shower.

One explanation for *Viva*'s disappointing debut may be Guccione's *ad hoc* staff setup. Essentially the same crew that publishes *Penthouse* put together *Viva*. As the new magazine was going to press in some confusion, two senior staffers, Executive Editor Arno Karlen and Managing Editor Phyllis Seidel, resigned, complaining that Guccione repeatedly changed almost every page weeks after the closing deadline.

The press run for the first issue is 1,000,000, but Guccione is counting on

riding the same wave that carried *Penthouse* to 4.5 million circulation in four years and has pushed Hugh Hefner's *Oui* over 1.7 million during its first year. *Viva*'s first issue runs 136 pages with 50 ad pages. Will *Viva* sell at \$1 a copy? Guccione promises that "she" will "fight, scream, and shed a few tears to make her voice heard." She might also attempt to find some wit and focus and sex appeal.

The Multiple Agent

In the cramped, seedy office that the Hearst Newspapers maintain for their London correspondent, Seymour Freidin sits among some of the mementos of a long and prolific career. There is a citation from the Overseas Press Club for

Lucianne Cummings Goldberg, reported the candidate's latest speeches, activities and statements to Chotiner. Freidin added some analysis of his own. John Mitchell called the material "junk," and it appears that nothing really confidential or damaging was sent.

Goldberg's name surfaced first. She is a freelancer on the fringes of Washington journalism, and her participation in the caper was dismissed as a bad joke. But Freidin, 56, though never in the top stratum of his trade, is clearly in a different league from Goldberg. He marched from Prague with Paton and later served as foreign editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*. He is also a Democrat. Why did he become involved in so tawdry an episode?

Double Agent. The money was one factor. Freidin says that he was paid \$30,000 plus \$10,000 for expenses last year and a lesser amount in 1968. Actually, Freidin says, he was a double agent or maybe even a triple one. He told the Humphrey people in 1968 and the McGovern staff last year that he was working on a campaign book. While feeding information to the Republicans, he was really trying to gather material for an "inside" book about internal friction in the G.O.P. camp. He sees no distinction between what he did and the ploy used by Joe McGinniss in 1968. McGinniss worked as a Republican campaign staffer while secretly doing research for *The Selling of the President 1968*, a tough and witty attack on Richard Nixon and some of his aides. "If I had brought it off," Freidin says ruefully, "everyone would be calling me a big hero."

The distinction between McGinniss and Freidin, of course, is that McGinniss was not taking money from one party to spy on the other. It was not the first time that Freidin had accepted pay while trading information. Freidin, like some other correspondents overseas, became friendly with CIA agents in trouble spots around the world. While covering the Soviet takeovers in Eastern Europe in the 1940s, Freidin was often debriefed by CIA men and got leads from them in return. Occasionally, he says, he accepted CIA money—"so little that it was laughable." To Freidin, a staunch cold warrior like many of his colleagues there, the relationship was all part of the fight against Communism. He dealt with the CIA, he claims, "because it was the right thing. I never told them anything that I wouldn't print."

In 1966 the *Herald Tribune* folded, and soon the cold war began to fade as a big, continuing story. Freidin found himself adrift, his expertise devalued, the demand for his byline sinking. It is a common situation for aging journalists who have committed themselves to one subject or cause. "I wanted to do a book on the States," he recalls, "but my problem was how I could get an angle. I went



CORRESPONDENT SEYMOUR FREIDIN
Almost a hero?

distinguished foreign reporting. There is an autographed picture of his friend, Senator Henry Jackson. To his credit are four books, dozens of magazine articles, countless newspaper stories and columns going back to World War II. None of these, however, earned Freidin the attention he has received since Jack Anderson recently named him as an agent paid by the Republicans to spy on Democratic presidential candidates in 1968 and 1972.

Freidin disagrees with the label, but acknowledges the activity. Actually, he was the original "Chapman's friend," the code name that Nixon Campaign Aide Murray Chotiner gave to two paid informants who traveled with the Humphrey and McGovern press parties. The material they delivered was pretty tame. Freidin and the woman who succeeded him as the second Chapman's friend,

If the world made only one kind of sound, we'd make only one kind of tape.



There are a lot of different sounds in the world.

There's music for background listening. And there's music you want to sit and listen to. Carefully and thoughtfully.

There are voices you want to record. Perhaps even different sounds. In any case, different tapes are often best for different types of recording.

If cassette recording is your thing, "Scotch" has three to choose from.

Start with our Highlander.

A quality cassette that gives you good reproduction at a modest price.

Or for even better sound, consider

our Low Noise/High Density cassette. Great for music.

For the ultimate in quality, discover High Energy cassettes for the music you want to keep. They incorporate a major breakthrough, carbon-energized oxide, for balanced sound and concert hall presence.

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Better tapes you just can't buy.



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Lauder's is keeping company with some big names these days. It's the good honest Scotch at a good honest Scotch dollar price. You can buy Lauder's for a song.



Authentic Scotch
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Robert Goulet and Carol Lawrence - Frontier Hotel, Las Vegas, October 4 thru 24th

THE PRESS

to the 1968 conventions, and at the Republican Convention I met Murray Chotiner."

Chapman's friend was soon born. Ironically, Freidin got no book at all out of the 1968 campaign. In 1972, he says, he knew "something fishy was going on" among the Republicans, but he was unaware of the Watergate secrets. After that story broke, he realized that any "inside" book he might do would be valueless. So he quit before the election and signed on with Hearst. Now, with his new notoriety, he claims to have a number of offers to write his inside book; he feels in demand again. This week he will be back in New York to see if Hearst editors share that view.

Fact v. Opinion

What is a nice Jewish boy from Brooklyn doing posing as a hard-eyed Arab on the cover of *Newsweek*? "We couldn't find any Arabs," explained Manhattan Talent Agent Steve Kaye.



KAYE & HIS COVER
"That's no Arab."

His firm had been commissioned to find a model for a photo that would show an Arab holding a gasoline hose. The theme: "Arab Oil Squeeze." Kaye volunteered his own bearded, dark visage and even provided a headdress—one that he had bought, of course, in Israel, where his brother lives on a kibbutz.

"How was *Newsweek* to know I'd been bar-mitzvahed 20 years ago?" asks Kaye, 33. "All they knew was that they needed an Arab fast and I looked like one in the picture." To get the perfect shot, Kaye and photographers took over a gas station in Queens. "A crowd formed as soon as we got there," recalls Kaye, "and I was afraid the Jewish Defense League might show up." His caftan wasn't blown until one of Kaye's clients in radio saw the magazine and announced to his listeners, "That's no Arab, that's my Jewish agent." For his own part, Kaye says he is worried that his Zionist grandmother will be offended and he is concerned that he has been typecast. So he won't be able to pose as Moshe Dayan some day. On the other hand, he did not have to split the \$200 modeling fee with an agent.

Introducing the 1974 Buicks.



1974 Riviera.
**Buick's ultimate personal
luxury car.**



The new Riviera. Obviously.

For 1974, we took what was already a great road car and matched its looks to its performance.

Note the new formal roofline, the European looking rear deck and the classic long hood.
(Beneath which is a 455 cubic-inch V-8, standard.)

We redesigned the interior as well. So that available upholstery options now include ribbed velour and real, honest-to-goodness leather.



(That's the leather above.)

And we added conveniences. Like windshield wipers that can provide a single wipe at the press of a button. And

an electronic digital clock. And a 6-position tilt steering wheel. All standard.

What we didn't redesign was Riviera's ride and handling. That was already excellent. And with the GS package that's available, you can make a good thing even better.

If you're thinking of a personal luxury car, check out a 1974 Riviera. The two of you might just get together.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?



1974 Century Regal.

**We've opened the doors
of the sporty car to the man
with a family.**



Last year's Century Regal Coupe made such a hit, we were hard-pressed to come up with a way to improve it.

That is, until we decided to offer it as a 4-Door Sedan.

That's exactly what we've done. Now there are two Century Regals.

Now you can get the personal car styling, great ride and elegant interiors you'd expect of a Regal—and the



convenience of four doors.

A 350 cubic-inch V-8, automatic transmission, power steering and front disc brakes are standard on both models.

And best of all, the price is well within the reach of young buyers, who are the kind of people Regal appeals to.

If you're an aggressive young person, consider the Century Regal Coupe.

And if you're an aggressive young person with a family, consider the Century Regal 4-Door Sedan.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?



First we took a car that already looked so good, people thought they couldn't afford it—and we made it even more beautiful.

This is the new LeSabre Luxus Hardtop Coupe with its sleek new formal roofline. Hard to believe you're looking at one of Buick's lowest priced full-sized cars.

It has a new full-width grille, new wraparound tail-



lights, and a new squared-off deck treatment.

It has richer interior trim.

And it has the kind of standard equipment worthy of a full-sized car bearing the

Buick name. A 350-cubic-inch V-8, power steering, power front disc brakes, an automatic transmission—it's all there.

Now, combine all that with LeSabre's surprisingly reasonable price and traditionally high resale value, and you have what we humbly believe is one of the finest automotive values on the market.

LeSabre. It's a beautiful and affordable way to own a full-sized Buick.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

1974 LeSabre.

Our goal was to make it beautiful. And affordable.



This isn't simply the most luxurious car we build. It's one of the most luxurious cars anybody builds.

And one foolproof way to know if you're dealing with a true luxury car is to take a good hard look at the kind of standard equipment it carries.

Like a 455-cubic-inch V-8, for example, variable-ratio power steering, power front disc brakes, and a Turbo-Hydramatic transmission.

It's all standard.



So is an improved ride (no easy task, improving a ride that was already superb).

So are two-way power front seats. So are power windows. So is Electra's new crushed-velour upholstery.

Naturally there is an equally extensive list of available refinements and equipment. You're looking at one of the more impressive ones. It's the new padded vinyl Landau top that you can order when you buy the Electra Limited Coupe.

The 1974 Electra Limited. If you're in the market for an honest-to-goodness, all-out luxury car, you don't have to look any farther. Or pay more.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

1974 Electra Limited.

**It goes to extremes
only a luxury-car owner can
appreciate.**



When we designed and built Apollo, we weren't designing and building just another small American car.

Our goal was to give America a small car that had weight, performance, and offered personal comforts that some other small cars had been doing without.

And in mid-1973 that's precisely the kind of small car we introduced.

What you're looking at here is a refined version of that car.



The grille has been redesigned.

New interior fabrics are offered. Bucket seats are available for the first time. So are steel-belted radial-ply tires. So are three new and

exclusive Apollo colors.

What has remained is our philosophy about small cars.

Which is why we have two Buick V-8's available for Apollo. And air conditioning. And a high level of both exterior and interior trim. And power accessories that help make driving easier.

The 1974 Apollo. If you're looking for small-car maneuverability and economy without giving up performance and comfort, you've just found it.

1974 Apollo. By Buick.

We wanted to give people a small car to move up to.



Henry Aaron's Golden Autumn

The spring of 1954 was a memorable season. After seven years of fighting, the French were ready to pull out of Viet Nam. Gamal Abdel Nasser took over as Premier of Egypt. The U.S. Supreme Court ruled that racial segregation in public schools was unconstitutional. And on an April afternoon when the Army-McCarthy hearings were dominating network television, a slender black teen-ager from Mobile, Ala., named Henry Louis Aaron hit his first major league home run.

The world has turned. New wars have been fought and settled, dictatorships established and overthrown, but Hank Aaron endures. The wonder is not only his staying power but his amazing consistency, which has won the Atlanta Braves outfielder 14 major-league records. Even so, it is his relentless pursuit of the record that has made him at age 39 the single most conspicuous figure in American sports. Last week, 20 seasons older, 20 lbs heavier and 2,953 games more experienced than when he hit home run

the fast, decisive stroke that can determine the outcome of a contest. Aaron, Ruth's heir if not his rival, has kept that drama alive. Baseball may no longer be the national pastime. But when a slugger steps into the box to face a good pitcher, it is man-to-man combat, and the possibility of a home run still carries excitement. With Aaron, year in and year out, the expectation has always been present. Now, with the record so close at hand, there is an exquisite tension.

Sleeping Lion. Will he or won't he do it this season? In spring training, Aaron himself allowed that at best he had only an outside chance. At an age when most of his contemporaries are breaking into the insurance business or learning microphone manners, he confessed that "I can't play every day anymore. It's not that you get tired, but your body just doesn't come back as fast as it did. You think you can swing the bat, but you're just a fraction off. The balls you used to hit out of the ballpark you're fouling off. I need more sleep now. Sometimes I'll lie down at 9 p.m. and sleep till 9 a.m."

Once the season began, opposing pitchers felt as though they had awakened a sleeping lion. Though he has sat out 39 games so far this season, Aaron has been belting the ball as if a time machine had somehow subtracted ten birthdays. As of last week, the man who said that he would be satisfied with 30 home runs this year already had 37—the fourth highest total in the majors. Going into the 1973 season, Aaron was averaging one home run for every 16 at-bats. Now he is hitting one round-tripper every nine times he goes to the plate. The old man, in fact, is having a golden autumn. In his last 14 games, Aaron hit six homers, drove in 17 runs and batted a lusty .510.

Now that Aaron is closing in on 715, his fans are growing restless. Two weeks ago, after Aaron hit Nos. 708 and 709 against the San Diego Padres, the California crowd roundly booted Padre Pitcher Mike Caldwell for striking Henry out on his last time at bat. After a rash of racist hate mail early this year, Aaron has been receiving nearly 2,000 letters weekly from such varied admirers as moon-struck teen-agers ("We love you, Hanky-poo") and Alabama Governor George Wallace. NBC stands ready to interrupt its regularly scheduled programs to show Aaron hitting Nos. 712 through 715. Computer analysts, astrologists and assorted clairvoyants are issuing almost daily predictions on his chances for the record this year (latest consensus: a cliffhanger until the season's last day, Sept. 30). Aaron himself says: "I don't know. I can't predict. I just

715

No. 1. Hammerin' Hank drove No. 710 over the left-centerfield wall at Atlanta Stadium. Going into the weekend, with 13 games remaining on the schedule, he was within suspensel reach of what is being billed as the greatest moments in sports history: the instants when he hits Nos. 714 and 715 to tie and then break Babe Ruth's home-run record.

Flesh and Blood. On one level, Aaron's reach for the record is a consummate professional's personal quest for immortality. For years he was underrated, and that still rankles. "I've always read Mickey Mantle, Willie Mays, Roger Maris—then Hank Aaron. I've worked awfully hard to get my name up front. I've waited for my time, and it's just now coming," he told TIME Correspondent Paul Wittenman.

Aaron's pursuit of the Babe's magic number has other meanings as well. Ruth was larger than life, (see box next page) a carefree superman in a giddy era. Aaron cannot dispose him no matter how many home runs he hits. But Aaron, by comparison merely a flesh-and-blood Everyman, demonstrates that a hero need not be mythic.

Ruth used the home run to transform baseball. In the process, he made the homer a part of American culture, a symbol of the country's affection for



SPORT

want to keep messing up that computer."

On the road Aaron draws up to 10,000 additional fans to the host team's ballpark. Last weekend in Cincinnati, the leftfield seats were pregame sellouts. At home, attendance remains woefully low because Atlanta is pre-eminently a football town, because the Braves are nowhere near being pennant contenders and because an Aaron home run is a common occurrence in a stadium that the players call "the launching pad." Nonetheless, the Braves and the city fathers are beating the promotional drums. Giant billboards have been erected to give Aaron's latest homer total. A street and school will be renamed

for Aaron. Cash rewards for returning Aaron home-run balls have attracted loyal bands of fans equipped with everything from catchers' mitts to lacrosse sticks and huge nets attached to fishing poles. "Of course, I'd like to hit 'em in front of 50,000 fans," says Aaron. "But when I cross the plate, I don't care if it's 2,000 or 50,000. It counts."

What makes his success this season all the more remarkable is that many teams are defending against him by using an "Aaron shift"—moving the second baseman and the rightfielder to the left side of the diamond to counter his pull-hitting power. Pitchers are giving him nothing but bad stuff or walking

him intentionally. "Hell," says Aaron, "I don't even see good pitches in batting practice anymore."

When Aaron first came up with the Braves, he was a notorious bad-ball hitter. On one occasion, he reached out and poked a high outside pitch over the wall and then was called out for having stepped beyond the batter's box to hit the ball. No more. Now, he says, he has to discipline himself "to wait for good pitches. I eventually get them, but I have to be patient."

More perhaps than any other hitter in the league, Aaron has the time to look over a pitch in the half-second or so that it takes to reach the plate. Blessed with

Ruth: The Game's Slugging Legend

He was, by any generation's box score, a monument of talent, accomplishment and appetite. George Herman Ruth—the glorious Babe of baseball—was and is the nation's finest sports legend. No one will ever replace him as the Sultan of Swat. Without Ruth, Hank Aaron and future sluggers would have no standard of greatness to be measured against.

In a sport that nourishes itself on an endless catalogue of statistics, the Babe's achievements are as secure in the record books as the memory of his magnificent seasons at Yankee Stadium: the "House That Ruth Built." In a career that spanned 22 seasons, from the early days of World War I to the depths of the Great Depression, Ruth slugged his way to a total of 44 different major-league records.

Weaned in a seedy Baltimore saloon and shunted off to a Catholic trade

school for the underprivileged by his bartender father, Ruth was only 19 when he became a pitcher for the Baltimore Orioles in the International League and the legal ward of the Oriole manager. In 1915, one season later, he moved up to the majors and won 18 games as a lanky lefthander for the Boston Red Sox. After that he put together winning seasons of 23 and 24 games each, plus victories in three World Series starts, before he changed from pitching to full-time batting—and altered the nature of the national pastime.

In 1919, just four seasons after his Red Sox had won the American League pennant with a team total of 13 home runs, he smashed the single-season home run record with the then astronomical figure of 29. That was only the beginning. The following season, his first as a Yankee, he clouted 54. The runner-

up, George Sisler, had 19. In fact, Ruth's home-run record that year was greater than the team total of 14 of the 15 other major-league clubs. Yankee attendance ballooned to nearly 1.3 million, from 619,000 the previous year. The crowds came to watch the power and grace of the Babe at bat; they came to cheer his peculiar pigeon-toed trot as he rounded the bases after clouting one into the stands.

He simultaneously developed a reputation for clout in the dining room. A typical Ruthian breakfast: a porterhouse steak, four fried eggs and a large portion of fried potatoes, washed down with a pot of coffee and a pint of bourbon. Between games of a doubleheader, he would mix a quart of pickled eels (donated by Teammate Lou Gehrig's mother) with a quart of chocolate ice cream and devour the concoction.

He also continued to devour American League pitching. He hit his record 60 in 1927, 54 more in 1928 and then, after the stock-market crash in 1929, held out for what seemed to be a stupendous salary: \$80,000. He was counseled against the move by a sportswriter whose principal argument was that President Herbert Hoover was only making \$75,000. With irrefutable logic, Ruth replied, "Yeah, but I had a better year than he did."

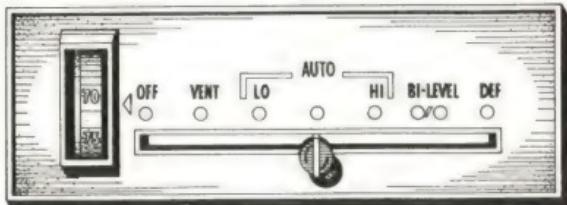
Toward the end, playing out his days with the Boston Braves as a spindly-legged, potbellied oldtimer of 40, he reached back one May afternoon and recovered for a brief instant the intuitive skills of earlier springs. A Pittsburgh sportswriter had kept him propped against a bar the night before until 5 a.m., but no matter. With three swings, the Babe hit homers 712, 713 and 714, driving the final pitch completely out of Forbes Field.

When asked once whether he could have hit .400 (his career average was .342) if he had concentrated on meeting the ball for mere base hits rather than swinging for the fences, Ruth replied: "Four hundred? Hell, kid, I could have hit .500." He probably could have. But that would have left Hank Aaron no one to chase.

BABE RUTH AT YANKEE STADIUM OLDTIMER FAREWELL, JUNE 1948



IT'S TIME YOU MOVED INTO A CLIMATE THAT ADJUSTS TO YOU.



GM's Automatic Temperature Control. Set it and forget it.

Yes, you can move into a new GM car with a heating and cooling system that adjusts to you. It's an automatic climate control that monitors and controls to make it just right for you. No need to select whether the unit is heating or cooling. No need to turn it on or off. Just dial your comfort level on the fingertip control. A single setting does it for year-round comfort.

For heating.



Heating is just one big job the automatic temperature control helps handle for you. In winter it even waits until the engine is warm before the blower comes on. No guesswork involved. Just set it like a home thermostat and it'll keep you almost

as comfortable as you are in your own home. The automatic temperature control unit does all the work.

For cooling.



Get what you want out of air conditioning. On a hot day, for instance, the automatic temperature control will help deliver full-power cooling immediately and as long as necessary—right to the level of comfort you've selected. It even adjusts to special situations like bright sunlight coming in the windows. So there'll be no need to adjust hot-and-cold control levers in the summer, either. It's really automatic.

For continuous comfort.

No matter what time of year it is, the automatic temperature control allows the air conditioner to do its part in keeping humidity down—giving you a comfortable climate in all

weather. In fact, there will be times when both the heating and the air conditioning systems will be working together to bring you a precise, constant level of climate comfort you never thought possible.



Electronic sensors are part of the control system. One sensor is located in the passenger compartment to monitor inside air. The other is positioned in the air intake duct and senses outside air temperature.

They detect the changes, and the system then makes even very small adjustments to keep you comfortable, month in, month out. Automatically.

For Chevrolets, Pontiacs and Buicks (it's standard with Cadillac air conditioning).

It's available on full-size and some intermediate-size models of the above lines. This comfort is called Comfortron on Chevrolets, Automatic Temperature Control on Pontiacs, and Automatic Climate Control on Buicks and Cadillacs. It's one of the ultimate pleasures in driving today. So, order your new GM car equipped with a climate that adjusts to you.

It's time.

For your comfort by Delco Electronics.



Delco Electronics, Division of General Motors.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: FIANCÉE BILLYE WILLIAMS; AARON RELAXING ON FIELD, WITH MOM & DAD IN MOBILE



wrists eight inches around—as thick as the business end of his 35-in., 34-oz. bat—he has the strength to lean into a pitch and then, if it is not to his liking, snap his bat back at the last possible instant. It is an advantage measured in milliseconds, but it is one reason why Aaron does not strike out as often as most other long-ball hitters. "It's fantastic how long he can look at a pitch before he decides whether to swing," says former Teammate Warren Spahn, now a pitching coach. "It's as good as giving him an extra strike."

Aaron wisely refuses to give advice on hitting because "I really can't describe my way to anyone. Just be quick with your hands and your belly button," adds Bill Lucas, director of the Braves' farm system: "When we are teaching young players to hit, Hank Aaron is not the example we use."

In his matter-of-fact way, Aaron admits to having an encyclopedic knowledge of pitchers. "The moment I leave the dugout," he says, "I'm concentrating on that pitcher. I never take my eye off

him. If I see a pitcher once, I'll never forget the date or place. If I see him more than once, I can tell you exactly what kind of pitcher he is. At the end of the season, I can tell you who I hit every home run off of."

Aaron's overall cool on the field borders on the comatose. He rarely if ever argues with an umpire. When he strikes out, he walks impassively back to the dugout, places his bat in the rack, puts his helmet on the shelf and quietly sits down or steps into the clubhouse rampway to smoke a cigarette. When patrolling leftfield, he never runs faster than he has to, never throws the ball harder than is necessary. Even so, his minimum is good enough to have won him three Golden Glove awards as the National League's best fielder at his position. When asked why he does not attempt the flashy Willie Mays type plays, he says, "I'm pacin' myself."

Rag Balls. When he was a boy, the third of eight children, Henry's pace never varied. Every day, his mother Estella recalls, he and his brothers made a beeline for the baseball diamond a block away from the family's one-story frame house in Toulminville, a black section of Mobile. But never on Sunday: Estella ruled baseball unfit for the Sabbath. Father Herbert, then a \$75-a-week rivet bucker for a shipbuilding firm, kept his boys supplied with homemade baseball gloves and rag balls tied together with shoestrings. "When Hank was a youngster," recalls his father, "I carried him over to watch Jackie Robinson play an exhibition game in Mobile. Hank told me he would be up in the major leagues

*Tommie Aaron, 34, who played for the Braves in the late 1960s, is now managing the club's farm team in Savannah.

with Robinson before Jackie was through. He was too."

Aaron played high school football well enough to be offered a college scholarship, but books were not his speed. At 18, with \$2, two pairs of pants, and two sandwiches in a brown paper bag, he took his first train ride and joined the Indianapolis Clowns, a barnstorming black team. He played shortstop for \$200 a month. Looking Aaron over one month later, Braves Scout Dewey Griggs was startled to find that he was batting cross-handed, a handicap that every schoolboy learns to avoid. The scout advised Aaron to switch to the standard grip, then watched as Henry collected seven hits, including two home runs, in nine times at bat.

"I don't know what it would take to get this guy," Griggs told the Braves' management, "but I'd pay it out of my pocket." It took, as it happened, just \$350, or \$50 more a month than the New York Giants were offering Aaron at the time. That paltry sum, recalls Aaron, "was the only thing that kept Willie Mays and me from being teammates." And the Giants from winning that world series.

Verbal Abuse. Aaron then took his first plane ride—to join the Braves' farm team in Eau Claire, Wis., where he hit .336 and was named rookie of the year. Next season he moved up to Jacksonville and led the Sally League in everything but hot-dog sales. He was named the league's most valuable player, and he also committed more errors than any other second baseman. It was then that the Braves decided to put him in the outfield. The first black to play in the Sally League, Aaron could not eat or stay in the same hotels with the white players: he had to find lodgings in black homes. "Aaron got a lot of verbal abuse during games," recalls one of his former Jacksonville teammates, "but I never saw him react to it. He'd come to the park by himself, never joining in the clubhouse kidding and agitating. He was like a phantom. You never heard him, and away from the park, you never saw him."

Aaron was equally inconspicuous when he joined the Braves for spring training in 1954. "If I said three words," he says, "it was an upset. I just wasn't any kind of talker." The anonymity soon faded when Braves Outfielder Bobby Thomson broke his leg in an exhibition game and Aaron was told, "Kid, it's your job until somebody takes it away from you." No one has.

Today there is no removing Aaron, the private person, from the public eye. Ironically, the acclaim that was denied him through much of his career now threatens to overwhelm him. In defense, he has developed stock answers for the stock questions that he hears every day. What do you have to do to break Ruth's mark? "Hit more home runs." How do you feel about Ruth? "I'm not trying to make anyone forget Babe Ruth. I just want them to remember Henry Aaron."

What is your reaction to the hate mail? "The more they push me, the more I want the record." How are you holding up under the pressure? "Frankly, I don't think about it."

But he must. Though the hate mail has tapered off, armed bodyguards are still close by. When he is on the field, plainclothes detectives patrol the left-field bleachers, their pistols hidden in binocular cases. On the road, Aaron sticks close to his hotel room and has all his calls screened. In Atlanta, he parks his car in the stadium tunnel rather than in the players' parking lot. He often eats in the clubhouse to avoid the crush of autograph seekers. And every chance he gets, he slips away and goes fishing on his 27-ft. cabin cruiser, where "no phones can bother you."

Never Flashy. Aaron's life-style, subdued to begin with, has grown even more so. Divorced from his wife Barbara in 1971, he lives alone in a five-room high-rise apartment in Atlanta, within view of the stadium lights. Often a couple of his four children stay with him. He is engaged to Billye Williams, an attractive and articulate widow who is a hostess on an Atlanta TV talk show. Fastidious but never flashy in his wardrobe, Aaron is proud that he was named one of the ten best-dressed men in the U.S. two years ago. He drives a 1973 Chevrolet and often eats lunch in a tiny diner in the black section of Atlanta. Otherwise, says a friend, "Hank's idea of a big night out is dinner at a Polynesian restaurant."

Though he generally shuns the banquette circuit, Aaron has become increasingly active in various black causes, and he counts the Rev. Jesse Jackson as one of his closest friends. "It's just like a man going to school," he says of his change from reticent rookie ballplayer to outspoken social critic. "When a man gets a Ph.D., he's more qualified to speak, and more people listen to him. I decided that whenever I got into a position to speak out more, I would."

Recently, when asked what advice he would give black children about going into sports, Aaron said: "Until we crack the area of managers, front-office personnel and coaches, there's really no hope for black kids coming into sports. We're giants on the field for 20 years. Then they're finished with us. What baseball needs to do is to give blacks an opportunity to show their ability to lead in other places than just the field."

That is precisely what Aaron plans to do when his \$200,000-a-year contract expires next season. "I'd like to stay in baseball," he says. "All I want is a chance like Stan Musial got, a chance to prove myself in the front office." As for his pursuit of Ruth's record, he says "To be frank, it is not as important to me as to baseball. The only thing I ever thought about was to be as good as I could. I never thought about being the greatest ballplayer or anything, just to be as good as I could." In Aaron's case, good has been more than great.

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RELIGION

The Jesus Evolution

When word got out that the Danish government was helping to fund Jens Jørgen Thorsen's blasphemous new film *The Love Affairs of Jesus Christ*, the Young Christians mobilized a protest march of 5,000 people through the streets of Copenhagen. In Amsterdam, a summertime citadel for hippies, many of Holland's 10,000 Jesus People joined a throng of young evangelists from overseas in distributing roses and Gospels as they marched to a park service. Some 8,000 youths, most of them from eastern Pennsylvania, descended on a potato field near Morgantown for an exuberant three-day Jesus festival, complete with prophecies and rock bands.

Such gatherings are not large compared with the major rock festivals, but they indicate that the Jesus movement, unlike many aspects of the youth counterculture, has survived the fad phase and is settling down for the long haul. Says Christine Clausen, 22, a Californian who is now evangelizing in Germany: "The trippers, the bandwagon jumpers, the people who were just looking for another high have left."

A recent directory lists 259 Jesus communities and 49 newspapers in North America, but compilers claim that these are only a fraction of the Jesus groups. Many youths have blended into conventional churches or inconspicuous little house fellowships. Others have departed for rural areas.

Thriving Groups. California's Jesus People, who started the whole movement, are not seen on the streets much any more, but many of the earliest groups still thrive. Chuck Smith's Calvary Chapel in Costa Mesa, which has six touring bands, had to put up a tent for the overflow crowds, then an auditorium

that holds 2,000. The Tony and Susan Alamo Christian Foundation near Saugus has bought a 160-acre farm, a gas station, a thrift shop and a motel. Kent Philpott's ministry north of San Francisco runs a construction business and several farms, plus rehabilitation centers, a counseling center and a bookstore.

"We used to get most of our people off the street," Philpott reports. "Now most of them are referrals from social agencies." Since hard-drug usage has tapered off, The Center in Menlo Park now spends up to half its time on emotional problems instead of only addiction. Says Director Ted Wise, one of the first hippie Christians: "We use the Bible as therapy. It is as effective as anything going." Wise adds that the Jesus kids are growing up, marrying and having children. "They are more concerned with working out their life situations as families, rather than as Gospel gypsies." Other Jesus alumni are less noticeable because they are going to school. The new seminary at Anaheim's bustling Melodyland Christian Center hopes its nearly 250 students will provide theological leadership for the Neo-Pentecostalists, who form a major element in the youth revival.

Jesus centers outside California are also becoming solidly established. Carl Parks' Voice of Elijah in Spokane, Wash., is three years old and still expanding. It has a staff of 100, the *Truth* newspaper with a 250,000 press run and it has bought 260 acres north of town for its new headquarters. Crews of young "highway missionaries" travel cross-country. This week Parks and the group's rock band, The Wilson McKinley, hit Iowa and Colorado.

A ten-acre former dude ranch outside Tucson became Maranatha House two years ago, and now houses 40 young

evangelists and draws 600 people to weekly services. At Virginia Beach, Va., under-25s predominate in the congregation of 1,200 at robust Rock Church. Pentecostalist Pastor John Gimenez is a former heroin addict from Spanish Harlem with a sixth-grade education.

Current Diaspora. The division of the Milwaukee Jesus People last year into three new groups illustrates the movement's current diaspora. One group became Jesus People U.S.A., 44 youths who evangelize in Chicago's counterculture areas. Sixty others joined a tent revival called Christ Is the Answer, which, with 200 youths aboard, is now working the Midwest. The third Milwaukee segment, which numbers 70, toured Europe, then landed in a dilapidated house in South London and called itself the Jesus Family. The group was one of many youth organizations involved in SPREE '73, a week-long mass rally in London last month that featured Billy Graham and Johnny Cash.

Aboard, the revival takes a different tone in each nation. In France, the small movement is "more meditative and reflective" than in America, says ex-Professor Brian Tatford, who operates 22 *Eau Vive* missions. On the other hand, Johny Noer says his Young Christians of Copenhagen are more activist than the Americans, combatting godless philosophies, liberal theologians, pornography and the government. In Australia, where the movement involves 10,000 youths (four years ago there were none), leaders say they want to avoid the Americans' mistakes. John Holberton of Melbourne's Jesus Light and Power House thinks that many in the U.S. "didn't realize that there is no instant spiritual fix. Instead, there's a lot of homework to be done."

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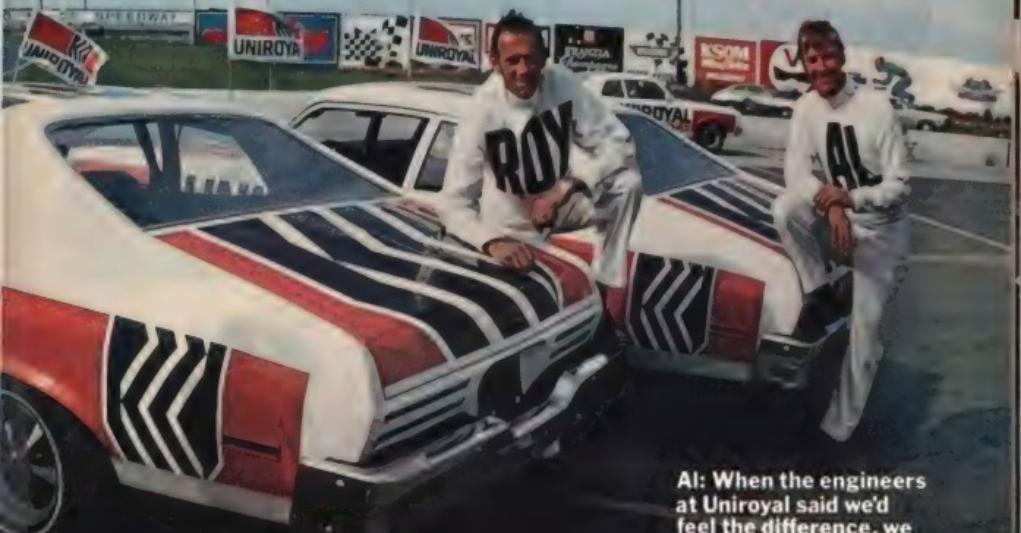
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That elegant straight-8

RELIGION

date is run by Floyd McClung, who once worked with Youth with a Mission, a go-getting organization that fields some 10,000 part-time young evangelists round the world. McClung, a giant of 6 ft. 6 in., and a group of youths started Dilaram House in Kabul, Afghanistan, in 1971. He says: "We identify with the Jesus movement in belief but not in methodology." He means that his ministry—mostly to foreign students, many of them drug users—is easygoing, not lapel-grabbing. This is a wise policy, since Afghanistan has a fiercely Moslem regime that just tore down the only church in the nation. This month McClung was in Katmandu, Nepal, where conversion to Christianity is a crime, to check on a similar Jesus house that a colleague started last year. McClung also has a small house in Pakistan at the foot of the Khyber Pass, and last week he acquired another in New Delhi.

What is the Jesus movement doing to Christianity? A staff memo for the U.S. Catholic Conference last year raised the standard objections. It tends to be simplistic, emotional, antirational, naive and, because of the leaders' authority over their young followers, "very manipulative." Robert S. Ellwood Jr. of the University of Southern California, in his new book *One Way*, says that the Jesus movement has only converted a hundred thousand people at most. But he thinks that it has at least held a generation of evangelical youths to their churches and made this style of Christianity a live alternative again. Liberal religion is "culture-affirming," according to Ellwood, and functions best in a stable society. By contrast, the Jesus movement epitomizes the evangelicals' "survival Christianity," in which alienated groups find religious stability amid social turmoil.

Mixed Minyan

In traditional Judaism, a service can be held without a rabbi but not without a *minyan* (congregation) of ten men aged 13 or over. In emergencies nine men and a young boy will do; women have not counted at all. The liberal Reform branch of Judaism has no such sex rule, and last week the middle-of-the-road Conservative branch announced that it too was abandoning the tradition. The 9-4 vote by the Committee on Jewish Law and Standards is a natural outgrowth of the Conservative branch's earlier move to provide religious education for women, and of those women's desire for equal rights.

One committee man who voted against the move, Rabbi David M. Feldman, still had doubts. "I wouldn't want to see a unisex law." The ruling nudges Conservatives away from Orthodoxy, and last week the heads of both the largest body of Orthodox rabbis and of the Reform synagogue union implied that U.S. Judaism might now end up with only two branches—those who keep the strict traditions and those who do not.



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MEDICINE

The Unnecessary Illness

On the surface, Joan and her husband Bob seemed compatible. But biologically, they were not. Bob's blood was Rh-positive; Joan's negative—meaning that she lacked the Rh factor* present in most blood. The difference had no adverse effect on their first child, an Rh-positive boy born in a Louisville hospital two years ago. But their second, born last year, suffered from a condition called erythroblastosis fetalis, which destroyed his red blood cells, leaving him severely anemic with an accumulation of toxic substances in his tiny body. Soon after birth, he died.

The case is not unusual. Twelve percent of all American marriages pair an Rh-negative woman with an Rh-positive man. Of the 3.3 million deliveries that take place in the U.S. each year, 260,000 result in the birth of an Rh-positive baby to an Rh-negative mother, and of these babies, at least 10% are likely to be afflicted with some degree of Rh disease. The irony is that this threat is unnecessary. Medicine has an effective weapon against Rh disease.

The first child of a positive-negative couple is usually unaffected. But if the baby is Rh-positive, and the chances are 3 in 5 that he will be, then there is an increasing chance of trouble in later pregnancies. Exposure to Rh-positive fetal

*A substance on the surface of red blood cells that is crucial, along with the A, B and O factors, in matching blood types.

blood, which may leak across the placenta or enter the maternal blood stream as a result of hemorrhage during delivery, can cause the Rh-negative mother to become sensitized, or "immunized," against future Rh-positive babies and produce antibodies that attack and destroy the babies' red blood cells.

Mildly affected babies may be only slightly anemic and recover fully from the jaundice, or yellowing, that characterizes their condition. Those with more serious cases of erythroblastosis fetalis suffer from the presence in the blood of too many erythroblasts, or immature red blood cells. Unable to do mature cells' work of carrying oxygen to the body's cells, the overworked blood-producing tissues—liver, spleen and other organs—swell and contribute to congestive heart failure, eventually causing death. The most seriously afflicted infants, however, are usually stillborn.

Once, the only treatment for Rh disease was to replace virtually the entire fetal blood supply with massive transfusions before or shortly after birth. Now prevention is possible in the form of a blood extract called Rh immune globulin. Developed independently by research teams in England and the U.S. nearly a decade ago, the globulin acts as a vaccine to curtail the Rh-negative woman's production of antibodies and greatly reduces the risks to future Rh-positive children.

But Dr. John Gorman, one of the American researchers, warns that the



RH-NEGATIVE MOTHER WITH CHILDREN
A persistent, yet preventable problem.

vaccine works only if the woman is not already immune to Rh factor. He recommends that the globulin be given automatically to every woman within 72 hours of her first delivery, abortion or miscarriage if tests show that she is Rh-negative and the baby is Rh-positive. Says he: "You've got to get in during the time that the window is open."

Most doctors and hospitals routinely use this vaccine on Rh-negative women following the birth of Rh-positive babies. Connecticut has established a registry to show which patients need the inoculation and which have received it. Despite such precautions, many women leave the hospital with a built-in immunity to their offspring.

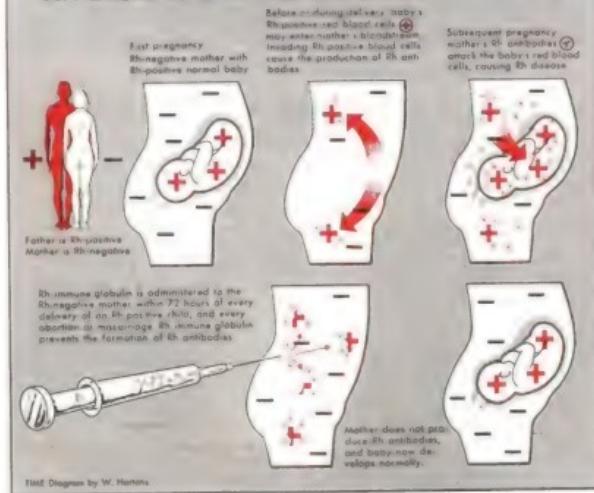
Rh disease is not a major problem in Africa—nearly all black Africans (like most blacks in the U.S.) are Rh-positive. In other countries, it remains a persistent though preventable ailment. The World Health Organization estimates that 75% of the Rh-negative women in Britain now receive the vaccine. But in Italy, the vaccine is now given to only 30%, while in Venezuela, only 5% of Rh-negative mothers get the shots. Even in the U.S., where 85% are now protected, the gap is still significant. Only half of the women now undergoing abortions receive Rh immune globulin after their operations.

These gaps are unfortunate. Used properly, the vaccine is nearly 99% effective.

Incurable Addiction?

Ever since the Government report linking smoking with cancer and heart disease was first published in 1964, doctors and public health officials have waged a steady war against cigarettes. Now their efforts seem to be increasing. Last month Arizona became the first state to take legal action against

Rh DISEASE: Its Cause and Prevention





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MEDICINE

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BRITISH ANTI-SMOKING POSTER
A comfort for the creative?

tobacco by banning smoking in public places. Britain's Health Education Council, meanwhile, turned to shock tactics in its campaign against cigarettes. It released a poster showing a child dragging on a cigarette as he perched in his high chair. Its message: when a child breathes air filled with cigarette smoke, the result can be as bad as if he actually smoked himself.

Both the Arizona action and the British poster may help protect nonsmokers from cigarette pollution. But if the experience of Columnist Joseph Alsop is any indication, neither is likely to have much impact on those now addicted to nicotine. Alsop, who is struggling to kick a four-pack-a-day habit, wrote earlier this month that matters requiring calculation, learning and judgment became "inordinately difficult or downright impossible" without the comfort of tobacco. Scores of readers wrote to tell him that they, too, suffered from what Alsop called the "incompetence syndrome," and were unable to do almost everything from working to playing bridge without cigarettes.

Fascinated by their response, Alsop asked Science Writer Edward Brecher, author of *Licit and Illicit Drugs* (Consumer Union, 1972), if doctors had studied this problem. Brecher, whose book describes tobacco as "one of the most physiologically damaging substances used by man," cited serious psychiatric and metabolic reports on the subject. For many smokers, psychological needs combine with nicotine addiction to produce a powerful dependency. Beyond that, he could empathize with Alsop. Brecher gave up cigarettes for 14 months, but started smoking again when he found that he simply could not work without them.

THE THEATER

Black Farce

THE WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS
by JEAN ANOUILH

In this play, first seen in New York in 1957, Jean Anouilh caricatures the romantic attitudes that get men betrayed. It is a black farce with a bitter personal tang, an overprotesting cynicism, a disillusionment so dark as to suggest illusions once far too rosy.

Unfailingly attired in his uniform, General St. Pé (Eli Wallach) faces advancing middle age as if it were a court-martial. He is chained to a vixenish wife (Anne Jackson) who spews venom at him and pretends to be a dying invalid. In his high-romantic imagination, he is in thrall to the memories of a young girl (Diana Van Der Vlis) he waltzed with 17 years ago. St. Pé's dream girl appears, only to run off with his callow aide, and the general is left alone in the dusk.

Thanks to Anouilh's vividly ironic vision, much of the evening is howlingly funny. Wallach has always possessed perfect comic pitch and he displays it again here. However, he lacks that certain panache which makes St. Pé a duelist with destiny rather than a Good Soldier Schweik taking fate's pratfalls. Jackson is an awesome virago who delivers her lines like bayonet thrusts.

The brisk playfulness of Brian Murray's direction somewhat masks the vein of melancholy that runs through Anouilh's best characters. Their gaiety is inverted mourning. They suffer with a quip on their lips while stretched on a rack that is the distance between the way things are and the way they want them to be.

* T.E. Kalem



WALLACH & JACKSON IN WALTZ
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ZENITH

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Airport for 2001

When Fort Worth decided in 1927 that it needed a commercial airport, the town fathers choked back civic rivalry with nearby Dallas long enough to propose a joint effort. Dallas huffily declined, buying the Army's Love Field instead. But in the mid-'60s, the cities overcame their animosity and agreed to

build the world's largest airport, 17 miles from each downtown area. Local boosters are spending over half a million dollars to inaugurate the Dallas/Fort Worth airport, climaxing this week with a four-day Texas bash of balls, banquets and barbecues. Among the scheduled guests are President Nixon, officials from 48 countries, and a British-French Concorde SST.

DFW, as the airport is called, will be completed in three stages: the first ending Oct. 28 of this year, the second in 1985 and the third in 2001. Larger than Manhattan Island, the prairie complex was designed to meet virtually every known airport problem. Its spacious runway system, planned to be tripled in width, will easily handle peak loads well into the 21st century.

Airport planning, under the engineering firm of Tippets-Abbett-McCarthy-Stratton (TAMS), was so far ahead of its time that many features resulted in an updating of FAA regulations. New patterns of lighting for both centers and edges of runways, as well as brighter, low-glare runway signs for pilots, will now become mandatory. TAMS also persuaded the FAA that conventional twelve-inch runways were not thick enough. DFW uses 17 inches of concrete, enough to receive million-pound aircraft (a fully loaded, stretched 747 weighs 880,000 lbs.). Furthermore, the runways are designed for thickening to 24 inches to accommodate heavier aircraft now on the drawing boards—and possibly even rocket-powered airliners of the future.

Reaching passenger gates should be easy via a ten-lane, 55-m.p.h. spinal highway between the two rows of super-

terminals (the four now operating will become 13 by 2001). DFW Executive Director Thomas Sullivan, who oversaw the building of La Guardia, Newark and J.F.K. airports, chose a simple semicircular terminal design that allows passengers to drive directly to one of 66 gates, which are all within 120 ft. of the airplanes. Older terminal designs, which often park airplanes at the ends of long "fingers," may entail hikes of as much as a quarter-mile from counter to plane.

Airtrams. To move people round the airport there are Airtrams, a 13-mile system of automatic electric-powered tracked vehicles that ride on a cushion of air. The system can carry 9,000 passengers, 6,000 pieces of baggage and 70,000 lbs. of mail every hour. Even though transit passengers may have to cover more than three miles from one plane to another, they can reach any point in the airport in about ten minutes.

The airport manager's biggest environmental headache, noise pollution, is reduced by the very size of the place. Beyond each end of the runways extends a 4½-mile buffer zone, without any buildings, followed by another mile where private housing is banned.

The worst problem seems to be getting there in the first place. The Dallas and Fort Worth city councils, claiming a monopoly on ground transportation to the airport, are being sued by Continental Bus Systems Inc., which wants a piece of the action. While the matter remains snagged in the courts, the only way to go is by that old environmental nemesis, the automobile. Even that will not be easy, because traffic jams seem certain to develop on behind-schedule highway approaches.

Texans don't seem to mind, however. Residents are convinced that DFW will transform the area into the economic anchor of Middle America. They shrug off charges that extra acreage was bought so they could call their airport the world's biggest and ignore the fact that Montreal is building a bigger one. Theirs is the biggest now. Says former Dallas Mayor Erik Jonsson, who helped bring the two cities together in the first place: "A wholly different world will be opening to us."

Animal Farm

"The child is mad—snails in his pockets!" (1931)

"The boy is mad, wanting to be a zoo-keeper!" (1945)

"The man is mad, wanting to have a zoo!" (1958)

Those indignant words were spoken over the years by novelist Lawrence Durrell, author of *The Alexandria Quartet*. Despite Larry's best efforts, however, his younger brother Gerald went on to become one of the world's best-known



COMPARISON OF DFW & MANHATTAN ISLAND

BOB TARDI—THE AMERICAN GAY





There's a lot more to this 1974 Mercury Marquis than just a great ride.

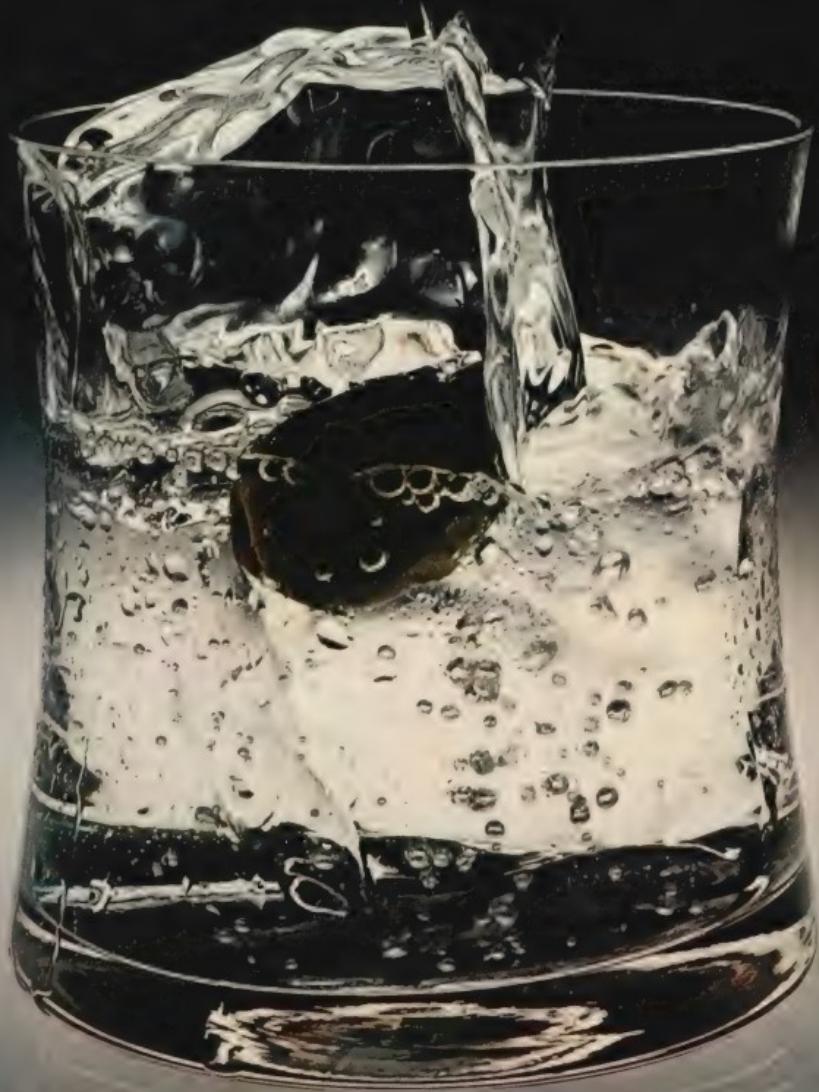


The Grand Marquis Option. This may well be the ultimate luxury in a medium price car. Your touch tells you: in the plush velours, rich leathers, sleek vinyls, deep carpeting. You sense an unsparing concern for your comfort in countless details: passenger assist handles, individualized map reading lamp, digital clock, automatic transmission, power steering, brakes and windows. All standard. So are vinyl roof and steel-belted radials. And Marquis runs on regular gas. Other features on Marquis Brougham are optional.

MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION





A white rum martini?

We wouldn't have dared suggest a white rum martini to you a few years ago even though we knew how good it tasted.

But overnight, America's taste in liquor has changed. Changed? It's darned near a revolution!

The switch is on—from the heavy liquors to the light.

In are gin and vodka—the "white liquors"—clear, dry and light. Deliciously light.

One out of four drinks served in America is now made with white liquor. And the imperious martini is the nation's most popular cocktail. But now there's a surprising new twist.

America discovers a new white liquor

Suddenly, white rum has eased its way into the driest martinis. Not just any white rum, mind you, but white rum from Puerto Rico (80% of all rum sold is from Puerto Rico).

Are you surprised to learn that rum can be white? Some people still believe all rum is dark and sweet, like the rum made famous by our Caribbean neighbors in Jamaica.

But, as you can see, a martini made with white rum from Puerto Rico is as crystal clear as any made with gin or vodka.

Why a martini with Puerto Rican white rum?

White rum is as dry as gin without gin's sweetness. Gin contains herbs and an oil made from



Three martinis made with gin (left), Puerto Rican white rum (center), and vodka. White rum looks exactly like gin and vodka, but is drier and smoother.

the juniper berry. That's what gives it a faintly sweet smell. And that's why your mouth is apt to taste like a bunch of flowers after a few sips of a martini made from even the most expensive English gin.

White rum is *not* sweet.

It contains no herbs or juniper-berry oil. So if you've been a confirmed gin martini drinker, you may be flabbergasted by the dryness of a martini made with white rum.

White rum is more mellow than vodka. Let's face it, vodka is no sissy drink. After all, it is virtually straight alcohol and water. This may account for the involuntary flinch you often notice on the face of a man who has just sunk his teeth into a vodka martini.

A white rum martini doesn't knock your block off. It goes down smooth as silk. That's because our white rum from Puerto Rico is

aged, while vodka is not.

Vodka can be sold as soon as it's made. But Puerto Rican white rum, by law, must be aged for no less than one year in oak casks.

By not hurrying the making of our white rum, we're able to smooth out the harsh edges while maintaining the dryness.

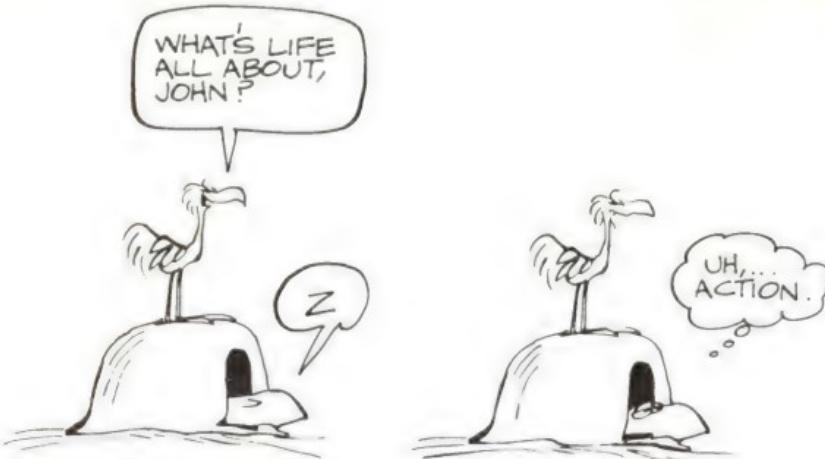
The real test: Compare all three martinis yourself

Next time you're in your liquor store, buy a bottle of Puerto Rican white rum (there are many brands to choose from) and use it in your martinis instead of gin or vodka.

After a week of drinking white rum martinis, we think you'll find gin too sweet and vodka too harsh, and we'll bet you never go back to them again.

PUERTO RICAN RUM





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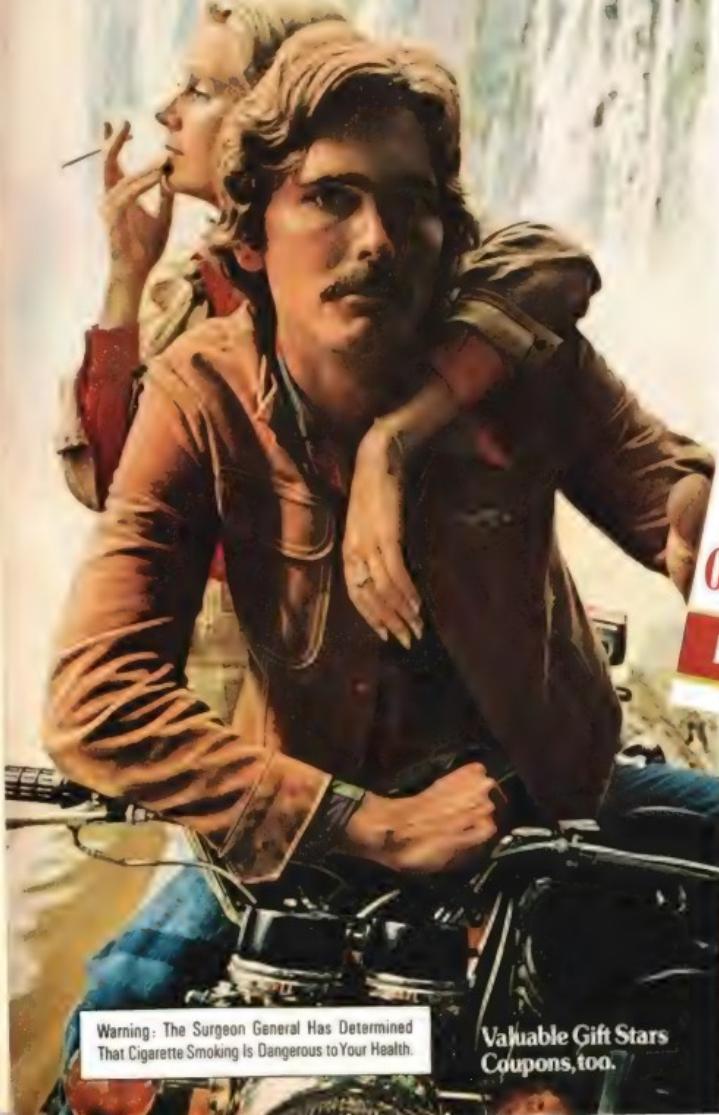
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.

ENVIRONMENT

and best-loved animal collectors, zookeepers and writers (*My Family and Other Animals, A Zoo in My Luggage*). His 20 books, including *Beasts in My Belfry*, published last month, have all hit the bestseller list virtually upon their publication in England. Total sales have now passed the one-million mark in both England and the U.S. His Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust, founded on the Channel island of Jersey in 1963 to preserve endangered species, now has 7,300 members in more than 50 countries (annual dues, \$7.50) and the site receives 180,000 visitors a year.

Last week Durrell, 48, began a ten-week tour of the U.S. and Canada—his first North American visit—"to spread the gospel among the gentiles of the zoo world" and to drum up funds for SAFE (Save Animals From Extinction), an umbrella group now being set up to foster Jersey-like reserves in this country. The gospel according to "Mr. D." is his devoted staff of 20 call him: "Zoos have to become breeding reservoirs."

Durrell became interested in animals soon after he was born in Jamshedpur, India, where he demanded a daily trip to a small zoo. The family later moved to England and after that to the Greek island of Corfu, where young Durrell began stuffing matchboxes with spiders, scorpions and snakes. He is fond of saying that his only formal education took place as a student keeper at London Zoo's Whipsnade Park, which he left at 21 with a small inheritance to begin a collecting career that has taken him to the wilds of six continents.

100 Varieties. He turned from collector to zookeeper in 1959, when he and his wife Jacqueline acquired a splendid 15th century Norman manor on the island of Jersey. The 32 green and rolling acres are warmed by the Gulf Stream, and animals have spacious cages with privacy when they want it. The prize white-eared pheasant from Peking strut amid 100 varieties of flora from their native China. The zoo's keepers (including four who have B.Sc. degrees and one with a Ph.D.) invent projects to prevent the animals from becoming bored.

Almost all of the 579 animals that live on the Durrell preserve are in danger of extinction and are treated accordingly. A recently arrived spider monkey that refused to eat ("Apes are the hypochondriacs of the animal world") was finally coaxed into feasting on smoked cod roe. A sulking capybara, the world's largest rodent, was found to be partial to spaghetti. "An animal likes variety just as we do," says Durrell, a skilled cook. "If you give it a tomato day after day, it goes mad. It may want a bloody watermelon for a change."

The real goal at the manor is barmaking. This is a zookeeper's greatest challenge, since many animals refuse to cooperate even under conditions that seem ideal—to the human eye. Durrell recalls the case of a Congo peacock

and peahen that kept trying unsuccessfully to mate. "One day I noticed that their feathers were getting too dry, so we sprayed them with water. Suddenly, bang! Success!" Durrell also warns against expecting animals to take an automatic liking to each other. "We humans seem to think we have a monopoly on love. How would you feel if you were locked for 30 years in a cage with a partner you couldn't stand?"

The Jersey staff has done itself proud as matchmaker and midwife. From four rare pygmy hedgehog tenrecs, 20 have been raised for other zoos and eleven kept on Jersey. From four African civet cats, 14 have been shipped off and nine kept for further breeding. The zoo's most expensive inmate, a \$12,000 male lowland gorilla, fathered one infant in July, and has impregnated a second female. The most notable success is the white-faced pheasant, possibly extinct in the



DURRELL AT HIS ISLAND ZOO



CEREOPSIS GOOSE



WHITE-EARED PHEASANT



RING-TAILED LEMUR



ZOOKEEPER WITH BROWN LEMURS
The real goal is babymaking.

wild. The zoo has bred 51 of them and exported ten pairs to seven countries.

Jeremy Mallinson, zoological director at Jersey, points out that most zoos are actually a severe drain on natural populations. Every animal seen in a conventional zoo represents about nine that have died from disease contracted in captivity or carelessness on the part of collectors. In that sense, old-fashioned zoos are actually helping animals toward extinction.

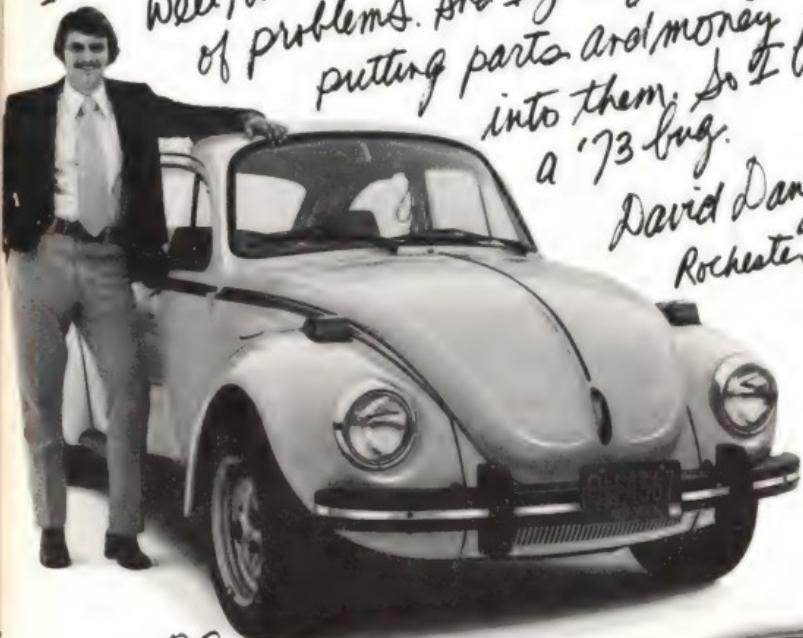
Durrell is horrified by this irony and notes that the last passenger pigeon on earth died in 1914—in a zoo. He has cho-

sen the extinct dodo as SAFE's emblem, and sports a button reading "Dodo Power," in the hope of dramatizing the urgency of the situation: the flightless bird was extinct only 186 years after Europeans landed on its home island of Mauritius. "The dodo was part of a delicate spider web that connects us all," says Durrell. "Every time you muck about with that web, it sends tremors all the way through."

They got the

In '68 I sold my VW.
Well, with American cars I had a lot
of problems. And I just got disgusted
putting parts and money
into them. So I bought
a '73 bug.

David Dangig
Rochester, NY



P.S.
My girl's getting one too.



bug again.



I left basically
for looks. About all
it had was looks.
I was stranded
about four times in
the first month or
two. So I went
back to Volkswagen.
(Even if I had
another three or four
thousand to spend,
I wouldn't have
bought another car.)

Kathy Taylor,
Mt. View, Calif.

I started making money so I figured I'd try something a
little flashier than my bug. Well, every time I turned around I had
to pull it in for something. It nickelized and dined me to death.
So I decided to get another Volkswagen.

William D. Allright
Phila. Pa.

Variations on an Enigma

Marcel Duchamp, who died in 1968 at the age of 81, is universally acknowledged as a founder of modern art. But then, had he died in 1923 at the age of 36 he would also have been universally acknowledged as a founder of modern art. The difference between the *œuvre* of the young man and the old is one, and only one, major piece.

What happened in those intervening years? Neglect? Young artists constantly acknowledged their debt to the aging experimentalist. A new career? The master had no other interests save a lifelong fascination with the game of chess. No, it is simply that Marcel Duchamp was secretly working on an indecipherable masterpiece. Marcel Duchamp. That is the only important work missing from the Philadelphia Museum's exhaustive reclamation project, "Marcel Duchamp: A Retrospective Exhibition."

The exhibition forever annihilates the notion of Duchamp as *enfant terrible* breaking windows in the temple of art. From the beginning, Marcel, the son of an *au pair bourgeois* notary in Rouen, was recognized as a prodigy. At 17 he joined his brothers in Paris to study art; in a 1904 work his technique already reveals a mature painter under the heavy, almost suffocating influence of the past. Even *The Chess Players* (1911) bears the shadow of Cézanne in its formal palette and in the calculated arrangement of figures. The rebel remains disguised in traditional tones—or in the Fauvists' coat of many colors—until *The Sonata*. Here, he gently anatomizes his family into the planes and facets of early Cubism.

Then, in 1912, comes the most disputed canvas of the prewar epoch. "The first study was almost naturalistic," Duchamp remembered. "At least it showed some hunks of flesh. Right after that, though, I started in to make a painting on the same subject that was a long way from being naturalistic." It was a way from which no traveler returned. *Nude Descending a Staircase* was at once the scandal and centerpiece of exhibitions from Paris to New York. The work was no mere rendering of cubist theory. It was mechanistic, sensual and impudent. It held nothing sacred—not even iconoclasts. Thus *Nude* performed the heroic task of simultaneously galling public, critics and the avant-garde. At the New York Armory show a reviewer spoke for his fellows when he described it as an "explosion in a shingle factory." Crowds had to be restrained from

damaging the painting. Back home, Futurists and Cubists considered the naked body an improper subject for artists. Even the Duchamp frères, Jacques and Raymond, asked their brother to withdraw either the painting or the title. Duchamp removed *Nude* from a Paris show, but the act was, he said, "a turning point in my life. I saw that I would not be very much interested in groups after that."

Excluded from movements, Duchamp cut his solitary path to recognition. Wit, spontaneity and above all irony—the imposition of the actual upon the ideal—became his guiding principles. As the Philadelphia exhibition happily recalls, he exhibited a Mona

KEN REGAN/CAMERA PRESS



MARCEL DUCHAMP
An indecipherable masterpiece.

Lisa with mustache and a prized collection of dust. Sometimes he showed found objects under the punning name Rose Sélavy; in a fit of ennui he invented a new art form, "readymades," prosaic articles given fresh contexts. One, a snow shovel, is labeled *In Advance of the Broken Arm* and signed by Duchamp. The other, entitled *Fountain* and signed R. Mutt, received a little more attention in its time (1917); it is an unadorned urinal. These are less creations than gestures, nosethumbing at academia, at mass production and, finally, at art itself.

As anti-art, Duchamp's work became a lunatic cornerstone for Dada, the movement that celebrated disorder, chance, anarchism—anything to reverse the stultified, rational societies that had led to World War I. Thereupon, Duchamp renounced canvas forever. He became a fixture of the New York art scene, painted on glass, composed musical pieces by making a random choice of notes, and dropped pieces of string,

then froze them to a board with a glue.

All this was preamble to his immense glass-and-metal masterpiece *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even*. This rich, elusive composition is a bulwark against interpretation; it contains satires and celebrations of mechanics, Christian mysticism and sexual fantasy—including some of Duchamp's cherished obsessions, a "male" chocolate grinder and a mechanical bride with a reservoir of "love gasoline." *The Bride* is no facile construction, as Duchamp makes clear in detailed annotations reminiscent of Da Vinci's code notebooks. The artist worked on his construction for eight years, then abandoned his *Bride*—and art—in 1923. Incomplete, indecipherable, broken and repaired, the large glass structure is still instructive and hypnotic.

Creative Spirit. So is Duchamp. In his "retirement" Duchamp summed up his early fatigue with "retinal" art. "I was interested in ideas," he recalled, "not merely in visual products. I wanted to put painting again in the service of the mind." It is the mind that still reacts, both to Duchamp's career and to his immeasurable influence. His works now appear to be essences, concentrations of theory and expression that have nourished the creative spirit for six decades. His jumbled compositions antedate John Cage by a generation. His ready-mades anticipate the objects of Jasper Johns and Andy Warhol. Rauschenberg has dedicated works to Duchamp; such disparate artists as Georgia O'Keeffe, Alexander Calder and Yoko Ono have paid him tribute. Abstract Expressionism, Op art, even structures that destroy themselves have their roots in Duchamp's work and spirit.

Yet this cannot mask a crucial absence in all but a few of Duchamp's early paintings. The man who consecrated the second half of his life to chess has about his work the air of supremely intelligent, bloodless derision. There is almost no sign of human affection or concern; only the shrewd, anticipatory aspect of a mocking prophet.

That prophet would have more to mock today. Shortly before he died, Duchamp complained: "In my day artists wanted to be outcasts, pariahs. Now they are all integrated into society." The *épater la bourgeoisie* act gets harder every day. Each new outrage is given a price tag and immediately sold to some collector—frequently as an investment. The vast, despised Leviathan—the middle class—has entirely swallowed the artist and his followers. Yet this too is an irony that Duchamp might have enjoyed. As the Philadelphia Museum visitor walks through Duchamp's striking prefigurations, it is possible to imagine, from deep inside the whale, the dry, ironic sound of the last laugh.

■ Stefan Kanfer



Marcel Duchamp:

Distance's and Ironies

Marcel Duchamp's climactic work was the "Large Glass," whose full title is "The Bride Stripped Bare, by Her Bachelors, Even." A complicated and whimsical erotic allegory expressed in machine shapes and done on glass panels with oil paint, dust, lead foil and wire, it was begun in 1915; Duchamp left it unfinished in 1923, and the last touch was applied by chance in 1926 when a trucking accident covered it with a network of cracks.



"The Chess Players," 1911



"Chocolate Grinder #2," 1914.

"Nude Descending a Staircase #2," 1912

The New Season: Under Arrest

Television programming has often been described as a crime, but this fall it is literally so. Or at least one-third of it is. In the new season that opened last week, 29 shows, accounting for approximately one out of every three prime-time hours, will be devoted to cops, robbers, prosecutors and most of the imaginable variants thereof. Of 24 new shows, 13 promulgate law and order.

Private eyes will peer around every corner of the schedule. There are two black sleuths: CBS's James-Bonded superstar *Shaft* (played by Richard Roundtree, who created the role in the film of the same title), and NBC's *Tenafly*, a harassed family man who is just another employee at an outfit called Hightower Investigations, Inc. ABC's *Griff* (Lorne Greene) is an ex-cop while in NBC's *Faraday and Company* Dan Dailey is an ex-cop who, after 28 years in a South American jail, is slated to bathe future shock as well as his crooked quarry. ABC even has an ex-human: Lee Majors as *The Six Million Dollar Man*, rebuilt after a near-fatal plane crash into a cyborg (cybernetic organism) that is, with two legs, one arm and one eye that are nuclear-powered synthetics.

Hatful of Tricks. The police delegation includes NBC's *Chase*, starring Mitchell Ryan as the head of an undercover unit specializing in impossible missions, and ABC's *Toma*, starring Tony Musante as a one-man undercover unit specializing in disguises. NBC's *Police Story*, created by Police Sergeant and Author Joseph Wambaugh (*The New Centurions*), promises to be of the more official uniformed badge-flipping genre.

The pros will also be aided by some volunteers: a pair of busybodies spinsters called *The Snoot Sisters* (Helen Hayes, Mildred Natwick) and *The Magician* (Bill Bixby), an all-American vaudevillian version of the nonviolent Kung-Fu, who conquers evil with birds and bunnies from his hatful of tricks.

Two new lawyers will come before the bar on CBS. Monte Markham will try to erase the solid image of Raymond Burr in the title role of *The New Perry Mason*. Jimmy Stewart will display wits that are as quick as his drawl is slow as the country lawyer *Hawkins*, a sort of skinny Sam Ervin.

Some of this may be funnier than the networks intended, but if not, the viewer can try one of the new sitcoms. Several comedy half-hours have jumped aboard Archie Bunker's blue-collar bus—one, NBC's *Lotsa Luck*, quite literally. The show stars Dom DeLuise as an ex-bus driver promoted to clerk in the lost-and-found department. (In its first episode last week, *Lotsa Luck* stretched Bunker bluntness into common vulgar-

ity with a plot that revolved entirely around a purple-lidded, tangerine-colored toilet.) Just as DeLuise contends with his crotchety/lazy/dumb family relations, James Coco as CBS's *Calucci* is plagued by his crotchety/lazy/dumb staff at the local unemployment department, and Norman Fell, on NBC's *Needles and Pins*, suffers crotchety/lazy/dumb family relations and employees in his garment factory.

The new shows that do not line up in the lower-middle class seem to fall into the cutsey class, where sex is more explicitly winked at than in previous years. In last week's first episode of NBC's *Diana*, starring Diana Rigg as what the producers identify as a "fun-loving divorcee" (a somewhat more sophisticated Mary Tyler Moore?), Diana slept in the same bed with a drunken stranger. In NBC's *The Girl with Something Extra*, E.S.P. is the coyly reconcilable difference between Newlyweds Sally Field (the former *Flying Nun*) and John Davidson. ABC's *Adam's Rib*, based on the 1949 Tracy and Hepburn film, claims to inject a touch of Women's Lib, with Blythe Danner and Ken Howard as a lady lawyer and her lawyer husband. Example of feminist viewpoints in first episode: to prove that men are allowed to pick up women while women who pick up men are presumed to be prostitutes, Danner gets herself arrested. At her trial the next day, the barely mussed carefully made-up liberated lady is so stupefied by her night in jail that she is unable to open her mouth, whereupon hubby gallantly wins the case for her. *Sic transit Gloria Steinem*.

All the shows will be faced with something new from the A.C. Nielsen Co. this season—national "overnight" ratings available within 48 hours instead of the usual two weeks. This probably will not mean that duds will be replaced earlier in the season, however. As one network executive points out: "It's an effort to get a new show going by January as it is." Thus, although some shows may be condemned sooner, the viewers will still have to serve out their terms.

DANNER & HOWARD IN ADAM'S RIB



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If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the Home or Project overseas.

Q. What type of Projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects, CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of Projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed, or race.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 180,000 children are being assisted in 60 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes and Projects around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, serious illness of one or both parents, or parents just too poor to care for their children.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each Home is required to submit an annual audited statement.

Q. Is CCF registered with any government agency? A. Yes. CCF is registered with the U.S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.



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Needs
Your
Love**

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things... the gnawing of hunger... the shivering of fear... the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only \$12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals... medical care... warm clothing... education... understanding housemothers.

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write to your child and your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the entire amount will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

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LABOR

Surprise Strike at Chrysler

The song was the tip-off. As United Auto Workers negotiators left the Chrysler bargaining suite late last week and trooped into the press room, some started belting out *Solidarity Forever*, the old union strike song. Looking grim and tired, U.A.W. President Leonard Woodcock revealed the bad news. Contrary to all earlier predictions, the union was striking Chrysler Corp., the nation's third-largest auto manufacturer. This year's bargaining sessions were the "most complex" in the union's history. Woodcock said, forcing negotiators to cope not only with basic pay demands but also with such nonmoney issues as voluntary overtime, health and safety, and worker rehabilitation. By the Friday-midnight deadline, he said, there were still "substantial unresolved problems" on a "broad range" of issues. Added Woodcock: "We just literally ran out of time."

Thus the unusual labor peace of 1973 was suddenly, unexpectedly shattered. It was the first strike called against a major industry this year, and the first potentially serious walkout since the West Coast dock workers strike of 1971-72. For as long as the work stoppage lasts, some 125,000 employees at 68 Chrysler facilities in the U.S. and Canada will be off the job. To be sure, the impact on the economy will hardly be comparable to that caused by the crippling 67-day shutdown of General Motors in 1970, when almost three times as many workers went on strike. Still, it was a severe blow to Chrysler. Lost production will

total some 33,000 cars and 8,000 trucks per week. U.A.W. workers continued to clock in at GM and Ford plants under an extension of their old contracts, a strategy that the union obviously hopes will bring Chrysler to terms.

Just as there was little name-calling or vituperation before the strike, the reaction was also mild on both sides after it began. "In the interest of getting this over, we do not want to indulge in any form of recrimination," said Woodcock. Echoed Chrysler's Chief Negotiator William O'Brien: "We're very disappointed, but we don't feel it's the fault of either party." Until the last moment, company negotiators believed that they could get an agreement in principle before the midnight deadline, even if they could not wrap up every point. But the hoped-for broad accord was not forthcoming, and the union refused to extend its deadline. Company and union negotiators continued to meet over the weekend, but they were not expected to reach any agreement for at least several days.

Profitable Year. Chrysler was chosen as the U.A.W.'s "strike target" mostly because its turn had come. Ford was hit in 1967, General Motors three years later. This year, the union reasoned, Chrysler is in a better position than ever to settle a strike on terms favorable to the union. The company is enjoying its most profitable year: second-quarter earnings of \$108.6 million surpassed those of the entire first half of 1972. The U.A.W. is also anxious to force Chrys-

ler to modernize some of its obsolescent urban plants, where grim working conditions have caused bitter rank-and-file protests. Beyond that, the company had seemed to be responsive to many union demands. Said Douglas Fraser, chief U.A.W. negotiator at Chrysler: "The company has shown the least knee-jerk reaction to our proposals."

The main sticking point was not wages; both sides are well aware that a settlement above the increases permitted by Phase IV guidelines would be unlikely to win approval from the Cost of Living Council. Company and union remain farthest apart on the question of voluntary overtime—a new union demand that is anathema to management. In the current auto boom, many workers have been on the job for as long as twelve hours a day, six or seven days a week during peak periods. While they make sometimes spectacular wages (the average assembly-line worker on overtime pockets \$7.55 an hour), many union members complain that they have no life of their own. Management negotiators retort that production schedules will be thrown off if employees cannot be required to work overtime hours at the company's convenience. Moreover, the companies fear that workers, if granted voluntary overtime, might band together and refuse to put in extra hours, as a way of pressuring management on other issues.

At week's end both sides continued to negotiate under a new blackout, traditionally a sign that their leaders still see hope for a quick resolution of the issues. Unfortunately, the portents had less meaning than usual, since union and company officials had been so confident that their disputes would never reach the strike stage in the first place.



WOODCOCK (CENTER) & AIDES

CHRYSLER PICKETS IN DETROIT

Intrigue at the White House

In an Administration that has performed one about-face after another on economic policies, one of the few irreversible forward-march orders left standing has been to oppose any thought or mention of a tax increase. In fact, part of President Nixon's Phase I economic program was a sizable tax decrease, and one of his most frequently repeated campaign promises in 1972 was that he would stand firm against any new tax bites. At his most recent press conference, Nixon said that the present Congress could not possibly pass a "responsible" tax-reform bill, and his second State of the Union message to the Legislative Branch reiterated "strong opposition" to a tax increase.

Last week one more Nixonian "never" became inoperative. Domestic Affairs Chief Melvin Laird suddenly announced that the President was "seriously considering" a variety of tax measures for some time in the future, including a "refundable" increase in personal and corporate income taxes.

As outlined by Laird, the increase would take the form of an income tax surcharge of approximately 10%. But instead of going to finance new spending programs or other Government business, he said, the \$18 billion or so that would be raised if the measure became law in 1974 would in effect be held in escrow, then refunded dollar for dollar to individuals and corporations at some later time when the economy needed a spending boost. A second idea under study is to change the investment tax credit—which currently allows businessmen to write off 7% of their expenses for new capital equipment—to flexible levels, varying from 3% to 15% of such investments. Again, the idea is to stimulate the economy in slack periods by letting firms deduct a big chunk of their new investments, and to slow it down in overheated times by withholding the credit privilege almost entirely.

High Pique. No one seemed more astounded by the President's latest turnabout than his chief economic adviser, Treasury Secretary George Shultz, who happened to be attending an international trade meeting in Tokyo. Normally granite calm in any circumstance, Shultz put on a show of high pique from across the Pacific. Laird, said Shultz, "can keep his cotton-pickin' hands off economic policy." The tax plans described by the domestic-affairs chief were "out of tune with everything that had been discussed" before Shultz left on his trip. Moreover, said the Treasury Secretary, "Laird always sounds off about economic policy when I'm away."

In fact, the Great Tax Drama was eerily reminiscent of an episode involving many of the President's same advisers last spring, when Shultz was

attending an international bankers meeting in Paris. Just before leaving, he had drafted what he thought would be a swift transition from the collapsing Phase III to Phase IV. Suddenly Laird, then newly appointed, entered the scene, remarking for the first time in public that tighter controls were under consideration. The idea of a temporary freeze was especially favored by former Treasury Secretary John Connally—who last week just happened to hold his first face-to-face meeting with Nixon in months. The President, of course, eventually decided to accept Connally's recommen-

a valuable fine-tuning mechanism in U.S. fiscal policy. Perhaps more to the point—taxes being one issue that is guaranteed to attract attention—Nixon may have spotted a chance to appear to be seizing the initiative, fighting inflation, attending to "the business of the people."

How serious the President is about pushing his new tax schemes is quite another matter. In his rather rambling and contradictory statement, Laird admitted that the currently hostile temper of Congress and the pressure of its other business ruled out any likelihood that the program would be enacted this session. Laird seemed willing to wait. The ideas were being considered, he said, in an Administration move toward "discussing ideas in the open." Even Shultz's outburst, he said later, was part of a new



GEORGE SHULTZ

A trans-Pacific confrontation over a White House trial balloon.



ARTHUR BURNS



MELVIN LAIRD

date over that of Shultz, and a 60-day freeze was announced on June 13.

The first tip-off to the latest economic intrigue came from Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns, who remarked casually before the House Banking and Currency Committee that Nixon had shown "considerable sympathy for raising taxes." That was the first anyone had heard of such feelings, but economic analysts quickly noted that Burns might have his own reasons for divining them. In trying to keep the nation's highly charged economy from spinning out of control, Burns has been forced to engineer a cost-of-credit squeeze of historic proportions; last week some banks raised their prime lending rate for businessmen to 10%, higher than it has ever soared in the U.S. Thus the chairman of the Federal Reserve, who is known to believe that interest rates could notch downward if some of the nation's excess spending power was absorbed by higher taxes, may have been trying to force Nixon's hand.

Nixon and his advisers had some reason to follow Burns' lead. For one thing, the variable tax plans could be

give-and-take. "This is the kind of thing I am trying to encourage."

It did not seem to be the sort of thing that Congress intended to encourage. Recovering from a back operation in Arkansas, House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills—without whose support any tax proposal is doomed—said he doubted that the President actually intended to introduce the tax program. His stand-in on Ways and Means, Democratic Representative Al Ullman, fully agreed. "I don't believe that these are serious suggestions," said Ullman. "They are a trial balloon and a weak one." He added that they would fall on "deaf ears in the committee." Congress is in the process of trying to straighten out its own budget procedures, said Ullman, and is in no mood to deal with "willy-nilly suggestions from downtown." Nor is it at all anxious to add to presidential power, however much economic sense Nixon's ideas might make. Thus for all the angry words, bruised feelings and wily maneuverings of the week, there was no sign that the nation was any closer to a tax increase.

ANTITRUST

The Cautious Tiger

He is bald, cautious and professorial. He has earned no great prestige within his profession or even within his specialty. He is so nondescript, in fact, that his rather solemn-minded boss, U.S. Attorney General Elliot Richardson, seems positively charismatic by comparison. But if Assistant Attorney General Thomas E. Kauper (pronounced koyper), 38, does not look like a tiger, he is beginning to act like one. In an Administration that has become all too cozy with big businessmen seeking influence, the chief of the Justice Department's antitrust division has kept up steady pressure against monopolistic practices—including some allegedly committed by special friends of the White House.

Though Kauper's department has filed roughly the same number of cases as in previous years, it has doubled the number of criminal actions—from eleven in 1971 to 23 in 1972. Last month three of the nation's largest steel producers—U.S. Steel Corp., Bethlehem Steel Corp. and Armco Steel Corp.—were charged with conspiring to monopolize the Texas market for reinforcing bars. Indictments have also been returned against three major trucking firms charging them with trying to force competitors out of business. In Los Angeles, the Justice Department is conducting an investigation to determine if there was a widespread conspiracy to fix gasoline prices in 1971 and 1972; records of more than 30 companies have been subpoenaed. "My own sense of priorities," says Kauper, "puts a heavy emphasis on price fixing and merger activity aimed at reducing competition. Price fixing is a crime, and corporate officials who engage in it ought to go to jail."

Among White House pals to be pounced on by Kauper are the Goodyear and Firestone tire companies, whose higher-ups contributed heavily to Nixon's 1972 campaign. Last month the two companies were charged with price cutting in order to drive smaller competitors out of business and with trying to monopolize the tire-replacement market. In the first important divestiture suit of the Nixon Administration, Justice is asking that the tire companies get rid of enough assets to make the industry competitive again.

Kauper has also tried to light a fire under the federal regulatory agencies, pointing out that part of their job should be to foster competition in the industries that they are charged with overseeing. The Justice Department has virtually taken over a private suit seeking

to eliminate fixed minimum commissions on New York Stock Exchange security transactions. The department has joined an Interstate Commerce Commission investigation of the rates set by regional trucking organizations. When the trustbusters requested more than 100 subpoenas, even the ICC was shocked. "The Justice Department is anxious to take over our authority," grumbled ICC Chairman George M. Stafford. Replies Kauper: "There is an increasing skepticism of the results of regulation. When you have your basic price structure fixed, you have lost a spur to innovate."

A sometime law clerk to U.S. Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart and later a University of Michigan Law School professor, specializing in antitrust, Kauper was hired in mid-1972 by then Atto-

by the powerful corporations it confronts. They can field double or triple the number of attorneys that Justice assigns to a case. Department lawyers feel that they are catching only one out of every 100 antitrust violations in U.S. business, but Kauper is quietly adding to his staff—giving the antitrust tiger a few more teeth in its battle to maintain competition in America.

WALL STREET

Help for Broke Brokers

Caught between steadily rising costs and an equally steady lag in investor interest, the nation's investment brokers constitute an industry that hardly anyone is bullish about. Last week the Securities and Exchange Commission sought to administer first aid in two forms. For the next six months, brokers will be able to raise their commission charges by 10% on small transactions (\$100 to \$5,000) and 15% on medium-size ones (\$5,001 to \$300,000). But after April 30, 1975, the SEC ruled, the investment industry must eliminate fixed commissions altogether, forcing brokers to compete freely with one another for investors' business.

The first step was clearly intended as a short-term transfusion for the industry, which has posted a collective loss of some \$245 million so far in 1973. As a result, the fee on an investor's order to buy or sell 100 shares of a \$50 stock, for example, will go up from \$65 to \$71.50. After the 1975 cutoff date, however, small- and medium-size investors will have some of the shopping clout now available only to those who deal in orders of \$300,000 or more—mostly banks, pension funds and other institutional investors. These large-scale buyers and sellers can bargain for commissions that omit charges for services like providing research and holding stocks in custody that many investors may not want or need. When smaller investors are given the same privilege, broker commissions are expected to go down.

Wall Street brokers greeted the SEC ruling with understandable enthusiasm, since the new rate is expected to pump \$150 million worth of commissions into their pockets over the six-month period. Some remain opposed to the negotiable rates later on, but a majority of security dealers have concluded that such variable charges are the only way to stimulate new investor interest. The need for new business is all too obvious. Last week the New York Stock Exchange laid off 55 employees, its third staff cutback in the past year. The word from the American Stock Exchange was almost as dreary. Because of "current business conditions in the securities industry," the exchange mailed out embarrassed notices to hundreds of previously invited guests that its annual cocktail-dinner party for the press had been canceled.



ANTITRUST CHIEF KAUPER
No political checking.

ney General Richard Kleindienst. Kauper is the first to admit that much of the department's new-found activism actually began under former chiefs. "Policies tend to move rather slowly," he says. "In the course of a year, it's hard to say that it's this or that man who is responsible." But in Nixonian Washington, where politics has influenced practice in many supposedly non-partisan offices, Kauper's professionalism has won him the admiration of his department's 320 antitrust lawyers. "Kauper is seen here as competent and professional," says a department veteran. "and that's good for morale. He doesn't go checking politically before he does something."

The department is often outmanned

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GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**



MULTINATIONALS

Summons to the U.N.

The debate over multinational corporations has traditionally been carried on between industrialized nations, which saw the giant firms as creators of needed economic growth, and Third World nations, which often regarded them as agents of "neo-Imperialism." Lately, even economists and political leaders of larger nations have wondered aloud whether the multinationals might indeed be growing too large, too fast beyond any government's control. Last week the United Nations held its first hearings on a subject that some members regard as one of the organization's central missions during the century's last quarter: finding a way to regulate multinational corporate growth, which currently is proceeding twice as fast as that of the world economy in general.

Ironically, the panel formed to study the multinational question was approved largely because of Chile's explosive accusations that ITT, the \$8.6 billion U.S. multinational, had tried to prevent Salvador Allende from assuming the nation's presidency in 1970. The hearings began on the day of Allende's overthrow.

ITT declined the opportunity to testify, but a surprisingly large number of multinational officials were eager to contribute their thoughts—and not just their hostile ones. Irving S. Shapiro, vice chairman of Du Pont, suggested that the panel should consider sponsoring a U.N.-wide agreement on international investment. Under such a plan, he said, investment funds might be governed in

much the same way that the independently organized General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) lays out rules for the movement of goods between nations. Emilio G. Collado, executive vice president of Exxon Corp., favored the notion of a proposed voluntary U.N. code of conduct for multinationals, under which, among other things, corporations operating abroad would pledge not to seek political leverage from their home governments.

As for more direct forms of control, however, multinational chiefs showed little enthusiasm. GM Vice Chairman Thomas Murphy complained that U.N. regulation would simply add one further and unnecessary layer of bureaucracy to those already faced by businessmen investing abroad. Jacques G. Maisonneuve, president of IBM's huge World Trade Corp., noted that Third World nations frequently seek to dilute the power of multinationals within their borders by requiring that subsidiaries of foreign-based corporations be partly or even primarily owned by local investors. Maisonneuve cautioned against any U.N. attempt to foster such rules because they "cripple the effectiveness of many high-technology companies, most certainly including IBM."

Supertestifier Ralph Nader challenged the panel to concentrate on forcing multinationals to divulge information on profit, safety and other policies, which they are not now required to furnish publicly anywhere. Such open accountings of their activities, charged Nader, would reveal that many "world-corp" dump mislabeled and dangerous goods in foreign outlets, seek out nations with low pollution standards for new sites on which to build plants and condone "snakepit" working conditions in the Third World.

Actually, the multinationals have little to fear from any U.N. attempt to regulate their activities. Until the U.N. can persuade its own members to abide by rules to which all have theoretically agreed, it is unlikely to be able to influence private corporations. But proponents of U.N. involvement hope that the probe will strengthen member nations' efforts to harness multinationals' capital and know-how to the cause of equitable development. If so, last week's little-noted hearings may be the opening peep in a debate that will eventually grow much larger.

RALPH NADER AT THE U.N.



VOLVO PRESIDENT GYLLENHAMMAR

build a \$100 million assembly plant in Chesapeake, Va., that will turn out some 30,000 cars annually by 1976 and 100,000 a year after 1980—all that it will need for the U.S. market (1972 U.S. sales: 54,000 units). Volvo will thus become the first foreign car manufacturer to build its autos in the U.S. The company will eventually hire some 3,000 members of the United Auto Workers.

Volvo President Pehr Gyllenhammar, the jaunty 38-year-old lawyer who took over command of Sweden's biggest industrial concern (annual sales: \$1.5 billion) from his father-in-law in January 1973, insisted that his company had been considering the U.S. plant for many months and had not been influenced by the current world monetary disarray. However, Volvo may well profit from the money tangle. As the value of many currencies (including Sweden's krona) has continued to rise against the dollar—and as foreign labor costs have continued to mount—the once huge gap between U.S. and other countries' wages has narrowed. Other foreign automakers are only a few steps behind Volvo. Last week Volkswagen officials acknowledged that they are studying the feasibility of a U.S. assembly plant, and big Japanese builders like Datsun and Mazda are also reported to be interested.

AUTOS

The Immigrants

Advertisements in the U.S. for Sweden's Volvo heavily stress not only the car's design but also its high-quality Swedish workmanship, which purportedly helps drivers survive the rigors of Scandinavian winters and tough traffic laws. That ad campaign is soon destined for a trip back to the old drawing board. Last week Volvo announced plans to

MARKETING

Synthetic Rebirth

Two years ago, synthetic leather seemed likely to appear in business histories only as an example of a rare product-development blunder by Du Pont Corfam: its much-touted leather look-alike, brought out in 1964, was expected to do for shoes what nylon had done for stockings. But demand never rose as much as Du Pont had hoped, partly be-



MG. Built for sports car enthusiasts by sports car enthusiasts.



The roads around the MG works in Abingdon, England are curved and narrow. They wind north to Oxford, east toward Dorchester and south to the channel. Some were laid out in the 14th Century, when horsepower was easier to measure.

It's no wonder the whole idea of a popular-priced sports car originated there.

And it's no wonder the people who assemble today's MGs have sports cars in their blood.

In the days of the MG racing team the whole factory stopped and cheered when news of another victory reached them. Today, many of the same workers, or their sons and grandsons, still work on our MG production line—the shortest, slowest and least automated one we know of.

The MGB body shells are mounted on individual assembly trucks and pushed onto a track. The first team goes to work methodically and carefully, unpressured by a grinding set of automated tracks.

When they complete their jobs they push the car to the next station. By hand.

This ritual is repeated only 20 times down the line. The result is a sports car that's famous for its stamina.

durability and careful workmanship.

Of course, MG's greatness comes not only from how we built it, but from what we build it. Rack and pinion steering for quick, responsive control. Race-seasoned suspension for a firm grip on the road. And a four speed, short-throw gearbox to put your reflexes in touch with the 1798 c.c. engine.

The MGB also has radial-ply tires, mag-style wheels, front disc brakes, monocoque body, reclining bucket seats and full sports car instrumentation.

So the next time an MGB amazes you with its facility to negotiate a curve or maneuver in a pack, don't be so amazed. It was built by people who know what sports car motoring is all about.

That may explain why MG is the reigning National Champion in SCCA's Production for the second year in a row.

So if you want another sports car, contact your MG dealer.

For his name and for information on air freight overseas delivery, call (312) 447-4700. In Illinois, call (312) 447-4400. Calls are toll free.



The sports car America loved first.



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

cause consumers complained that Corfam shoes pinched and rotted their feet. By 1971 Du Pont admitted defeat and wrote off the effort as a \$100 million bust. Now it appears that Du Pont's real mistake was giving up too soon. Under new parentage, the seemingly dead synthetic leather business has been reincarnated as a thriving, though still modest, industry.

Corfam's trade name now belongs to George Newman & Co., of Boston (estimated 1972 sales: \$12 million), a wholesaler of the product in the Du Pont days, which bought a license to use the name and unsold inventory for \$6,000. President George Newman, 33, reports that he has sold most of the huge stock of Corfam "poromeric" (from porous) leather that he bought from Du Pont and began producing Newman-

leather substitute has finally arrived. Worldwide demand for leather is rising faster than the supply of hides. As a result, prices on some grades of hides have leaped as much as 110%. At the same time, worldwide demand for leather is escalating as living standards rise. "Peasants in Africa now buy new shoes every two years instead of every four," Newman says. "People in Eastern Europe want bright, colorful leather shoes and jackets." Footwear-industry analysts expect leather to drop from 62% to 50% of the U.S. shoe market over the next two years. The gap will be divided mainly between poromeric and cheaper but nonporous synthetics. Exults Newman: "Everything Du Pont anticipated has finally happened."

Makers claim that they have increased the comfort of the new poro-

MILESTONES

Died. James Barron Carey, 62, feisty anti-Communist union leader and one-time boy wonder of the American labor movement; of a heart attack; in Silver Spring, Md. To counter the infiltration of leftists in his United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, Carey took most of the members with him and founded the rival International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers in 1950. He remained president of the I.U.E. until his defeat by the present leader, Paul Jennings, in a 1965 election.

Died. Samuel Nathaniel Behrman, 80, durable and witty cinema scenarist and playwright; of heart failure; in Manhattan. Behrman's first play, *The Second Man* (1927), an overnight hit, was an urbane comedy like many of his later works (*Rain from Heaven*, *Wine of Choice*). *No Time for Comedy* (1939), the story of a writer who wants to be serious yet has a gift mainly for entertainment, reflected Behrman's own situation; but in several plays, including his adaptation of Franz Werfel's *Jacobowsky and the Colonel* (1944), he successfully fused comedy with drama. A celebrated raconteur, Behrman delighted his many friends, among them Greta Garbo, for whom he did the screenplays of *Queen Christina* and *Anna Karenina*. In later years Behrman wrote biographies of Lord Duveen and Max Beerbohm and, at 75, his first novel, *The Burning Glass*; about a young playwright in the America and Europe of the '30s



FASHIONING SHOES WITH NEWMAN-CORFAM AT PLANT IN BOSTON

The real mistake was in giving up too soon.

Corfam in his firm's own factory last January. Though Newman has experienced some technical problems, the young Corfam owner claims that he expects to sell 15 million sq. ft. this year, enough to make 7.5 million pairs of shoes.

Nor is Corfam the only supposedly defunct leather substitute to be resurrected. Production rights to Jentra, a former Corfam rival that was developed by Tenneco and then shelved, have recently been sold to a U.S.-Japanese combine, which is manufacturing it in Moonachie, N.J. Clarino, exported by Japan's Marubeni Corp., the world's largest manufacturer of poromeric, fizzled under the sponsorship of an American distributor in the '60s, but is now being successfully marketed in the U.S. by a Marubeni subsidiary.

The long-predicted leather shortage that sparked Du Pont's interest in a

merics by doing without the fabric interlayers used to back the first generation of artificial leathers. Those interlayers made the material thick and stiff. Consumers shod in Du Pont's product inspired the wisecrack, "Corfam shoes always look brand new; they always feel brand new too."

For American shoemakers, poromeric offers production efficiencies that could be critical in the industry's losing battle with cheap imports. Since artificial leather is made in uniform rolls, it can be cut with less waste than irregular shoes. Shoes made from poromeric are priced up to 20% cheaper than comparable leather shoes.

Du Pont officials profess to be undisturbed by the success of their castoff, claiming they did well to dump an expensive failure. Of course, they might feel otherwise if the Corfam shoe were still on their foot.

Died. Marjorie Merriweather Post, 86, multimillionaire cereal heiress; four days after her 23-year-old grandson, David Rumbough, son of actress Dina Merrill, was lost in a boating accident (see *THE NATION*)

Died. Gustaf VI Adolf, 90, King of the Swedes, the Goths and the Wends since 1950 and Europe's oldest monarch, in Helsingborg, Sweden. He was the sixth ruler in the 155-year-old Bernadotte dynasty founded by a Napoleonic marshal, and his death signals the end of the Swedish monarchy in all but name. By a constitutional change enacted during Gustaf's lifetime but delayed out of respect to the King, the throne of Sweden now becomes a purely ceremonial position. The scholarly Gustaf delighted in congratulating each December's Nobel prizewinners, amassed one of the world's finest collections of Chinese art, and was the guiding hand in designing the beautiful gardens at his summer palace, Sofiero. He had a lifelong interest in archaeology and made important finds in his own country and excavated in Greece, Egypt, Cyprus, Korea and Italy—where he arrived incognito each fall to search for artifacts in a buried Etruscan city.

WHEN CROWN ROYAL ISN'T YOUR BAG

GO FORESTERING

Forestering is enjoying our premium whisky for all the right reasons.
Taste.

Drinking is one thing. Forestering is something else.





LUNCH TIME IN THE HOLLOW usually finds us by the cool limestone spring Jack Daniel picked a century ago.

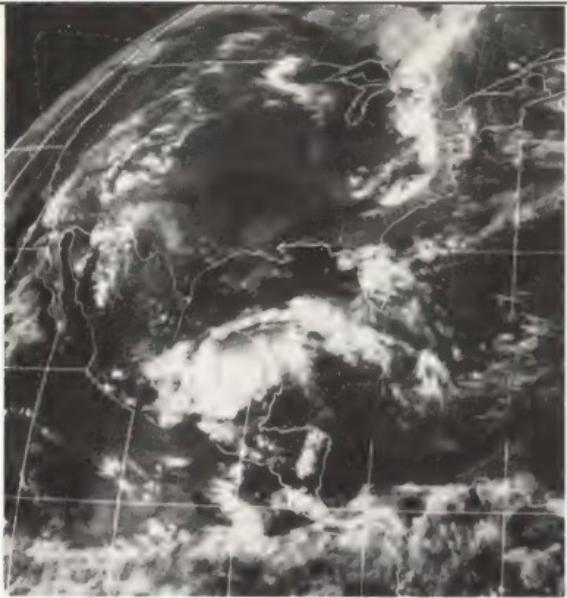
When Mr. Jack found our spring, he didn't realize he was getting a good lunch spot, too. He picked it because it runs at 56° year-round, and it's completely iron-free.

(Iron murders whiskey; a nail dropped in a barrel would ruin every drop.) This water and charcoal mellowing account largely for Jack Daniel's sippin' smoothness. After a sip, we believe, you'll know Mr. Jack sure knew how to pick a spring.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tenn.
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.



SATELLITE VIEW OF 1973'S HURRICANE BRENDA APPROACHING U.S. GULF COAST

SCIENCE

The Benefits Of Hurricanes

Each summer and fall, the severe tropical storms known as hurricanes become a major meteorological peril for inhabitants of the Eastern and Gulf Coast states. In 1970 the winds, rains and floods of Hurricane Celia killed eleven and caused some \$454 million in damage in Texas alone. Two years later, Hurricane Agnes brought even greater devastation, killing 118 people and leaving over \$3 billion in damage. In a continuing effort to prevent—or at least minimize—such disasters, the Federal Government has been sponsoring Project Stormfury, which was designed to study the formation of the complex storms and ways of controlling them.

Daredevil Assaults. This year the Administration's budget cutters have decided to suspend the most dramatic aspect of Stormfury's work: the efforts to reduce the devastating power of hurricanes by "seeding" them with silver iodide crystals, spread by planes flying directly into the storm. Such daredevil aerial assaults, which in at least one case—1969's Hurricane Debbie—apparently succeeded in temporarily reducing wind velocities by as much as 30%, will not be resumed before the summer of 1976. Then Stormfury's pilots will try their seeding skills on typhoons, the Pacific version of hurricanes.

Though disappointed by the reduced allocations, the hurricane hunters do not find the halt entirely unwelcome. In fact, meteorologists are beginning to believe that tropical storms may more than offset the damage they cause by the good they do. Scientists already know that in such places as Japan, India, Southeast Asia—even in the southeastern portion of the U.S.—tropical storms provide up to 25% of available rainfall. If this vital precipitation were ever cut off by man's interference with such storms, the results might be ruinous for farmers, industry and drinking-water supplies. Now many meteorologists are becoming convinced that tropical storms have an even more significant and less understood role: they may well be a crucial factor in maintaining the planet's heat balance, which is essential to the well-being of all life.

Because the sun's rays strike it more directly, the earth's equatorial zone heats up more than either polar region. If some of this heat were not transported away from the tropics, average equatorial temperatures would probably begin to rise dangerously. Fortunately, the earth has some handy mechanisms for carrying heat from the tropics toward the poles. Perhaps a third of this heat is distributed by ocean currents. The rest is transported by movement of the atmosphere. A large portion of this atmospheric heat—the exact percentage is unknown—is picked

up from the sea by tropical storms. The process is only partly understood. Apparently formed when a low-pressure area develops over warm tropical waters, the newborn storm system is fed by evaporation from the sea. Helped by the whirling winds in the area (which move in a counterclockwise direction in the Northern Hemisphere and clockwise in the Southern), the rate of evaporation gradually increases. As the water vapor rises from the sea, it cools, condenses and releases enormous amounts of heat into the atmosphere. The heat, in turn, causes more evaporation and condensation, further fueling the brewing storm like the updraft in a chimney. As the winds build and the tropical storm edges away from its birthplace, it releases enormous stores of heat. In a full-fledged hurricane, which has winds of 75 m.p.h. or more, as much energy may be released in a single day as by the detonation of 400 20-megaton hydrogen bombs.

Warmer and Warmer. What would happen if man ever interfered drastically with this process? Meteorologist Francis K. Davis, who is dean of Drexel University's College of Science in Philadelphia, warns of some frightening consequences. Unable to shake off their heat, he says, the tropics might become warmer and warmer. Simultaneously, the polar regions would slowly become colder. Eventually, both areas would expand, relentlessly shrinking the thickly populated temperate zones between them.

Davis foresees another possible horror. If they were prevented by man's technology from releasing their heat through tropical storms, the equatorial seas might warm up until their huge store of heat would be released in the form of super hurricanes that could make their present-day counterparts seem as mild as a summer downpour.

Davis acknowledges that his terrifying scenarios are based on a large quantity of guesswork. Meteorologists may not ever achieve enough mastery over hurricanes to affect the earth's heat balance. Still, the warning echoes a theme that is finding widening support among thoughtful scientists: man must learn much more about nature's most elemental forces before he tampers with them.

Samplings

► Recurring reports that a monster dwells in the dark waters of Scotland's Loch Ness have long tantalized Western science buffs. Now the Japanese have moved into the act. In hopes of succeeding where the Westerners have failed, an expedition headed by Japanese Novelist-Politician Ishihara Shin'aro has set out to track down, photograph and perhaps even trap the legendary beast. The Japanese are not stinting in their efforts. The vanguard of the \$500,000 expedition has already arrived on the scene; soon the hunters will begin using such formidable weap-

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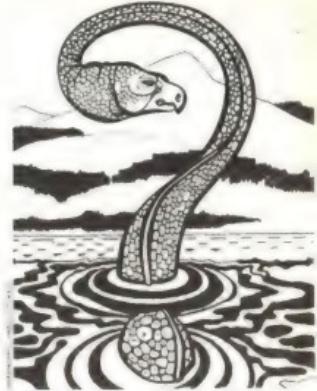
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ARTIST'S CONCEPT OF LOCH NESS MONSTER
Japanese in the act.

only as a sonar-equipped minisubmarine and tranquilizing guns.

► As chunks of debris dating back to the earliest days of the solar system, meteorites are intently studied by scientists for any clues they may offer to the primordial past. But even the highest expectations did not prepare University of Chicago Scientists Robert Clayton, Lawrence Grossman and Toshiko K. Mayeda for what they discovered while studying fragments of the Allende meteorite, found near Pueblo de Allende in Mexico in 1969. Tiny grains of dust imbedded in the chips contained an isotope of oxygen (oxygen 16) in virtually pure form. Ordinary oxygen in the earth's atmosphere—and presumably that on the sun and other members of the solar system—also consists mostly of O¹⁶. But it also contains small amounts of other isotopes—oxygen 17 and 18, which were apparently formed later in the sun's history. To the Chicago researchers, the implications are very exciting: the grains may well predate the formation of the solar system and trace back to interstellar dust out of which stars and planets are born.

► Newspaper editors like to think that their product provides food for thought. Now agricultural engineers at the University of Missouri report that it may be time to take them literally. Using ground-up newspapers to filter water containing algae, Richard Spray, Neil Meador and Donald Brooker found that the newsprint effectively trapped the single-celled plants, which are rich in protein. After a while, such a thick layer of algae built up on the newsprint that it had a higher content of crude protein than dried beef, soybean meal or skimmed-milk powder. Though the Missouri scientists do not suggest that their old-newsprint disposal scheme could ever fill human food needs, it could provide a useful high-protein feed for livestock. In fact, some University of Missouri cows are already munching on algae-laden newsprint.

Presidential Folly

HAIL! TO THE CHIEF
 Directed by FRED LEVINSON
 Screenplay by LARRY SPIEGEL and
 PHIL DUSENBERRY

A satiric thriller about presidential conniving and conspiracy in Washington? Two years ago, when *Hail! to the Chief* was made, no distributor would touch it; the movie seemed to fall somewhere between poor taste and treason. Now, post-Watergate, it has had no trouble finding a distributor; it seems to fall somewhere between poor taste and topicality. Moral: for some moviemakers, it is safer to be accused of quickie exploitation than of insight or prophecy.

Chief is structured, rather cleverly, as a send-up of John Frankenheimer's *Seven Days in May* (1964), in which a sometimes violent plot was enacted within hailing distance of the White House. Here, the President (Dan Resin) is turning the Secretary of Health's cherished VISTA camps into prisons for political dissenters. "Not concentration camps," the President hastens to reassure his Secretary (Richard B. Shull) "Detention camps—this is America."

The Secretary is astonished to watch the President develop into a crypto-fascist who plans to undermine the legislative arm of the Government and suspend elections—"just this once." The Secretary joins the Vice President (Willard Waterman), the President's spiritual counsel—the Rev. Jimmy Williams (Joseph Sirota)—and other advisers in a plot to remove the Chief Executive by literally blasting him out of office.

Chief rattles along on the intricacies of its plot-and-conspiracy narrative, but its humor is dispensed with all the subtlety of a bazooka blast. In the middle of an important conference, the President accepts a Paris call from "Henry," who places a rush order for some Reuben's cheesecake. The Rev. Mr. Williams assures a troubled Chief that "in times of distress, prayer is a powerful laxative."

Director Levinson, a former cartoonist and animator, gets off a few broadly effective visual gags (the president of the steelworkers union taking a bubble bath in his hard hat), but he has all the ironic sense of a divorce-court magistrate, and the sort of teary sentimentality that allows him to present scenes of federal troops sacking a hippie camp in slow motion while Judy Collins sings *Amazing Grace* on the sound track. Nevertheless, one admires the vigor, if not the style, of his attack. ■ Joy Cocks

Quick Cuts

WHITE LIGHTNING concerns a good old boy named Gator McKluskey (Burt Reynolds) who is serving time in the Arkansas pen for messing around with illegal liquor. Word reaches him that his younger brother has been murdered by a local sheriff (Ned Beatty), who has been getting a substantial skim off the moonshine profits. McKluskey turns state's evidence in order to get himself out of prison and get the goods on the sheriff. There is grim melodrama and folk comedy here, but Screenwriter William Norton sloughs off the more serious themes of an informer working inside a situation for which he has the strongest sympathy and of a whole system of free enterprise that exists outside the law but is still a strong part of it. Reynolds shows dash and comic cunning, and Director Joseph Sargent, though hindered by some of the sloppiest cinematography of the year, engineers the action scenes well enough. It is a pity, however, that the potential substance and conflict of the film have been passed over in favor of car chases and a little backwoods sex.

THE LAST AMERICAN HERO is based on Tom Wolfe's dandy magazine piece about the Southern stock-car circuit. *The Last American Hero Is Junior Johnson Yes!* Yet the movie seems to be derived less from factual material than from older old racing melodramas, where owners are crooked and slippery, drivers cool and competent, and races are really contests for the affections of a certain woman who sits watching tensely in the stands (in this case, Valerie Perrine). The hero (played by Jeff Bridges, with advice from Johnson himself) starts out running moonshine for his pappy (Art Lund) and playing chicken with the cops. Pappy gets busted, and Junior



BRIDGES & PERRINE IN "HERO"

Synthetic sentiment.

takes to racing—first in demolition derbies, then working and brazening his way up to the big time—to get some money to soften Pappy's prison term. Bridges, whenever he is not overburdened by the script's Snuffy Smith dialogue ("Don't write checks with your mouth your ass can't cash"), can cut through to real depth. He is especially good in one sad, lingering scene in an amusement arcade. He goes into a "Make a Record of Your Voice" booth and speaks a message to send home, full of empty good spirits and a struggling, almost desperate optimism. It is a small moment of truth amid mostly synthetic sentiment and a drearily predictable plot.

THE NEPTUNE FACTOR dives several leagues under the sea with a sleek submersible that is hunting for a party of stranded aquanauts. The members of the crew and anxious onlookers up top include Walter Pidgeon, Yvette Mimieux and Ernest Borgnine, variously outfitted in starchily white smocks that bespeak technical competence or clinging T shirts that display reassuring reserves of sexuality or brawn. But Ben Gazzara, captain of the *Neptune*, appears in blue oxford shirt and cranberry cardigan, as if he had suited up for a Sunday brunch. Gazzara further emphasizes his distance from this whole sodden scientific adventure by remaining resolutely unimpressed whenever some monster fish is loosed upon the *Neptune* by the special-effects department. Instead of gaping on cue like the rest of the cast, Gazzara merely looks disgusted. As well he might. ■ J.C.



WATERMAN AS VEEP IN "HAIL!"
 Subtlety of a bazooka.

Stir-Crazy

KIND AND USUAL PUNISHMENT

by JESSICA MITFORD

340 pages. Knopf. \$7.95.

The funeral directors of America, still smarting over *The American Way of Death*, must now line up behind the nation's wardens in the goody company of those well stung by Jessica Mitford. "Our great 'know-it-all' on prisons," the American Association of Wardens and Superintendents has muttered through its collectively clenched teeth at the author of what might be subtitled *The American Way of Injustice*

has since swelled into a coast-to-coast community of 1.33 million incarcerated Americans.

As methodically as a prosecutor, she builds her case, attacking one by one the usual arguments in favor of prisons. First argument: prisons keep off the dark streets rapists, drug fiends, and other bohemians of the American middle class. Nonsense, says Miss Mitford. In 9,000,000 crimes committed in a typical year, only 1½% of the criminals are imprisoned. Second argument: the threat of a prison sentence deters criminals. Miss Mitford cites contrary, though slightly equivocal evidence. Between 1961 and 1966, the penalty in California for as-

"cure" is pronounced, Miss Mitford suspects, when a "poor/young/brown/black captive appears to have capitulated to his middle-class white middle-aged captor."

Worse is to come, she predicts. The current penal-reformist notion of group therapy may be "withering on the vine," but the behaviorists are about to bloom. A \$13.5 million Behavioral Research Center is due to open near Butner, N.C., early in 1974. Articles with triumphant titles like "Criminals Can Be Brainwashed—Now" are appearing. In the spirit of 1964, solitary confinement is referred to by some prisons as "the Adjustment Center," and ordinary cells are called "Behavior Modification Units." Beating is known as "Aversion Therapy." Upjohn and Parke-Davis maintain \$500,000 worth of laboratories within the walls of Michigan's Jackson State Prison, chiefly to test new products on the captive population—at least those guinea pigs who will volunteer for a dollar a day or so. "Criminals in our penitentiaries are fine experimental material," one scientist confessed to Miss Mitford, "and much cheaper than chimpanzees."

Yet for the cost of keeping a man in San Quentin the state could be sending him to Harvard. What does this \$5,000 (more or less) a year buy? The prisoner's meals. Miss Mitford figures, cost around 30¢ each. Only 5% is budgeted for that vaunted "rehabilitation." Most of the taxpayer's dollar, the author computes, goes to "security"—i.e., guards and guns. A lot of money also goes into penal bureaucracies, which have supported no law more faithfully than Parkinson's.

Abusive Practice. Characteristically, Miss Mitford weakens her case by sardonic excesses. She is capable of snapping that a man with a dicebox might grant and deny paroles as fairly as most boards. If she has met in her travels an idealistic or even an effective penologist, she neglects to report the fact. That "prisons are a failure" is a cliché dating from the origin of prison, she writes, and briskly concludes that it is long past time for Americans to abolish their costly, cruel, and in fact morally corrupting penal communities. But when it comes to specific alternatives for dealing with criminals, she refers vaguely to "a radical change in our values...a drastic restructuring of our social and economic institutions."

Much of this ground has been fought over before. Yet *Kind and Usual Punishment* is a persuasive tract with a murderous eye alike for delusive penal rhetoric and abusive practice. Eugene V. Debs once stated this ideal: "While there is a soul in prison, I am not free." Jessica Mitford has the sublime unreasonableness to treat that as an imperative.

*Melvin Maddocks



JESSICA MITFORD TALKING TO PRISONER AT THE TOMBS IN MANHATTAN
Penal bureaucracies supported Parkinson's law.

The latest Mitford gadfly began three years ago as a quick assignment for the American Civil Liberties Union. But by the time she had finished, the formidable Miss Mitford had visited all the prisons, from California to Massachusetts, that she could get into—jail doors, she discovered, can slam in two directions—and even spent a simulated prisoner's night in the Women's Detention Center in Washington, D.C.

The more she saw, the less she liked. The Quakers who founded the first American prison in Philadelphia in 1790 may have thought that rescuing sinners from a wicked world and putting them in solitary with a Bible was more humane than flogging, branding or the stocks. But Miss Mitford can find no Christian words for the costs, theories and failures of a punitive system that

saulding a policeman with a deadly weapon rose from a minimum sentence of one year in jail to a minimum of five and a maximum of life. During the same five years, attacks on Los Angeles police officers rose from 8.4 per 100 officers per year to 15.8.

"Need of Treatment." The greatest part of Miss Mitford's considerable energies are given over to demolishing the third argument: that prisons rehabilitate. On the contrary, she suggests, prisoners may have been better off when they were regarded as sinners in need of salvation than now, when they are judged to be sick individuals in "need of treatment." She tends to agree that "physical degradation is replaced by psychological degradation"—that all the "diagnosis" and "evaluation" are "the catch-22 of modern prison life." A

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A color photograph of a man and a woman in a rustic interior. The man, wearing a dark sweater over a plaid shirt, holds a small glass of clear liquid. The woman, with short, wavy hair, wears a white blouse with a small floral print and dark trousers. She is seated at a dark grand piano, her hands positioned on the keys. The background features wooden paneling, a framed picture of a sunflower, and a chandelier.

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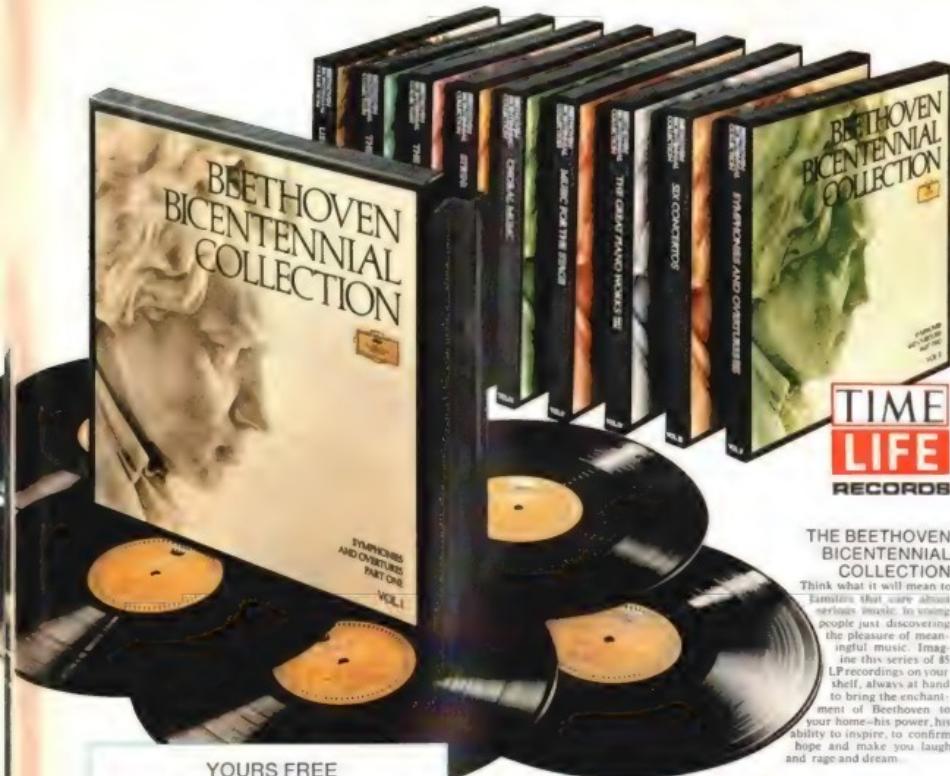
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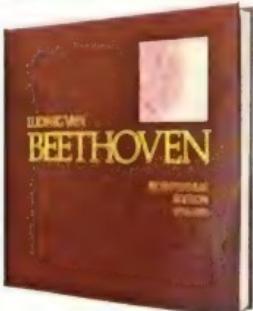
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Celestial Pit Stop

RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA

by ARTHUR C. CLARKE

303 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$6.95.

As a science-fiction writer, Arthur C. Clarke neither exploits the psychology of guilt and punishment with apocalypses nor sees future man as clones of bronzed *Übermenschen* surfing out of Peter Max cornucopias. Basically, Clarke extrapolates the latest scientific theory and hardware into a future where good and evil are controlled under standard temperature and pressure.

Yet this aeronautical engineer and specialist in communications satellites is not without his poetry. In *Childhood's End* (1953), the best of his nearly 20 novels and story collections, he pushed the theory of evolution toward a new creation myth, as humankind toddled—with some sadness and a certain lyric mysticism—out of its earthbound nursery toward a higher being. Clarke's best-known work is his collaboration with Director Stanley Kubrick on the film *2001*, which viewers left not only humming bits of Richard Strauss but full of wry speculations. Did HAL, the on-board computer, rebel because of homosexual jealousy, or was he some kind of reverse Luddite who feared that the mission back to first causes would leave him metaphysically unemployed?

Rendezvous with Rama also offers film makers enormous opportunities for awesome props. Its true protagonist is not a person at all but a huge artificial world that sails into the solar system in the year 2130. At that point in space-time—to make that abominable location perfectly clear—the solar system has been politically organized into a federation of planets inhabited by descendants of earth pioneers.

The mysterious UFO, named Rama by its puzzled observers, is a metallic cylinder more than 30 miles long and twelve across and weighing about ten trillion tons. With time running out and Rama's intentions unknown, decisions have to be made. The nearest humans to Rama are Commander Bill Norton and his crew aboard the spaceship *Endeavour*. They undertake a reconnaissance of Rama's innards, crawling about the spotless metal sky like flies on some behemoth's twitching flank.

Rama has its own weather, sea and balanced ecology. Its creatures are forms of organic machines that either benignly watch the visitors or drag off broken objects, thus keeping the landscape junk-free. But who built Rama and why remain a mystery, though the discovery of human-like artifacts encoded as 3-D blueprints in crystal columns suggests that Rama is some sort of vast ark in search of a new home. But in fact its only interest in the solar system is to tank up on the sun's hydrogen before rounding the next cosmic bend without so much as thank you. The prob-

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BOOKS

ability that a vastly superior intelligence would be totally indifferent to man and his doings is indeed what Clarke is writing about. But the theme is a bit too thinly spread between those two familiar sci-fi constants, the speed of light and the indomitable molasses of human nature.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

Gold and Grit

A LIFE

by WRIGHT MORRIS

152 pages. Harper & Row, \$5.95.

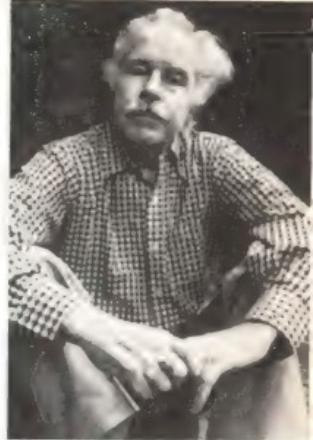
When we last saw old, ornery Floyd Warner in Wright Morris' last novel, *Fire Sermon*, he had just lost his present in the form of an orphaned and vaguely related child he was taking care of, and his past, in the form of a fire that consumed all the physical mementos of his family. In this book, now 82 and half-blind, he has not much of a future either—less than 48 hours as it turns out. But the book is called *A Life*, and in a sense it is just that—all that there is to know about Floyd Warner compressed into some 150 pages that go careering over the landscape of the Great Plains the way the old man's 1927 Maxwell navigates the roads.

His dour, daft family, his rages, his uncompromising wife ("He felt a drop in her interest when she seemed certain there was nothing much in it for her but pleasure"), his keen, cold eye, his utter isolation—they all unroll as episodes unrelied by the roadside, bizarre but not unexpected.

It is all pure Morris: the best (the sidelong wit and the marvelously supple prose, now gold, now grit) along with the worst (the wooden dialogue, the coy hints at profound meanings that never quite come out from behind the prose screens). More than any of his 17 previous novels, the story takes off from the workaday world in search of the ineffable. The familiar trappings of Wright's baroque realism turn up: the taste of switch grass and cord grass, the loom of grain elevators, the feel of a kitten dropped by wanton boys into a country-school privy. But the subject is myth. Old, unbelieving, literal-minded Floyd Warner takes on immortal longings Having defied common sense by taking a herd of sheep and a wife to the banks of the Pecos where God intended neither species to live, having defied humanity by his whole mean, solitary life, he finds himself stumbling on to an end that his rheumy eyes can hardly make out, with some of the defiant dignity of a Greek hero.

This is a cold, autumnal book. The question is never deemed worth asking, whether this life was worth living. There is nothing here of the noble Willa Cather nostalgia for a Nebraska full of giants, or the facile Hemingway nostalgia for a Michigan of pliant girls and truly good trout. By the time Floyd is murdered for his watch, he has swollen into

TIME 1965



WRIGHT MORRIS
Over the great plains.

a huge and lonely figure. His death can stand for that of the white man's America, or of the whole human race. He never has had much use for that latter one anyway.

■ Robert Wernick

Annals of the Crime

THE ONION FIELD

by JOSEPH WAMBAUGH

427 pages. Delacorte, \$8.95.

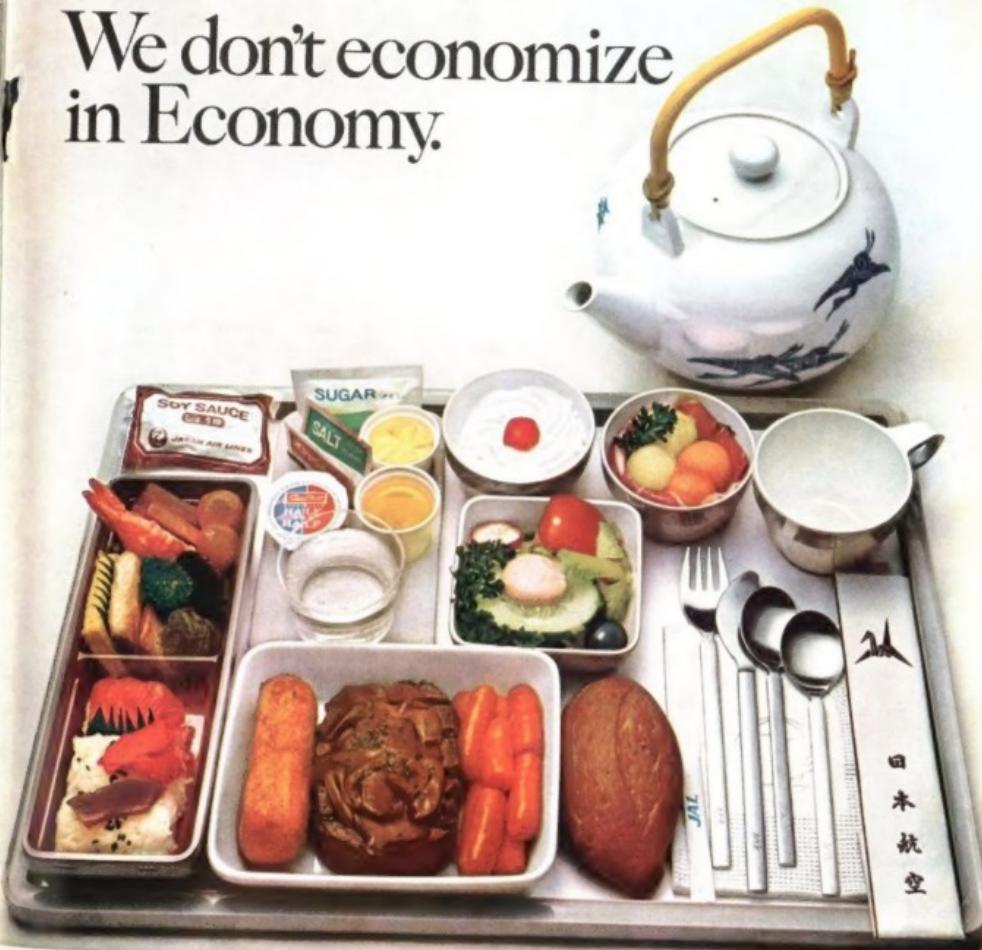
As Detective Sergeant Joe Wambaugh revealed in two bestselling novels, *The New Centurions* and *The Blue Knight*, the life of a Los Angeles police officer is tough. Now it is even tougher for Wambaugh, the celebrity cop. Prisoners keep asking for his autograph. The guys at the precinct are forever drilling him about which character in what book is actually who in real life. That is perhaps one reason why Wambaugh this time chose a "factual novel"—real names and all—in the manner of Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*.

The Onion Field is the anatomy of an infamous 1963 Los Angeles cop killing. The facts are arresting enough: Gregory Powell, an ex-con, and Jimmy Smith, a gun-shy black junkie looking for a fast buck and a quick escape from his "batty" accomplice, wheeled off on a pickup spree—and kept getting lost somewhere among the freeways. This oddest of couples—Powell wearing a joke-shop disguise, Smith petrified that the pistol stuck in his belt might go off and destroy his manhood—made one U-turn too many and were stopped by a pair of plainclothesmen.

Caught off guard by the panicky suspects. Detectives Ian Campbell and Karl Hettinger were disarmed and taken at gunpoint to a desolate onion field and shot. Campbell, a strapping ex-Marine,

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BOOKS

died almost instantly. Hettinger escaped. But he suffered a more lingering fate thereafter. Overcome with remorse and scorned by police brass for not putting up more of a fight ("If shot," the entire department was reminded at a roll call, "all wounds are not fatal"), he deteriorated into a haunted, hollow-eyed hulk who only now, ten years later, seems on the mend.

Hettinger's decline, Wambaugh suggests, parallels the erosion of justice in a case that dragged through the courts for more than seven years after the killers were finally caught. Slowed by technicalities and changes in the laws of admissible evidence, their trial amassed 45,000 pages of transcript, the longest in California court history. Wambaugh's narrative tends to plod whenever he plays the tireless gumshoe, hauling in facts that are, in the clarion cry of the myriad lawyers on the case, irrelevant and immaterial.

Detective Wambaugh is thorough. But he leaves, in fact, few clues as to his prime motive for re-creating what he calls "the most maddening case of any detective's life." One clue is buried midway in the book when Wambaugh tells of a certain "young vice officer" who strongly opposes the department's do-or-die dictum on survival as suicidal. However, that anonymous cop, who undoubtedly is Wambaugh, refuses to challenge his superiors at the time because "he lacked that kind of courage and he knew it." Now, with the courage of a rich cop who stays on the beat only for "kicks," Wambaugh apparently has written a book to clear his own conscience as well as to help a tormented fellow officer.

■ Roy Kennedy



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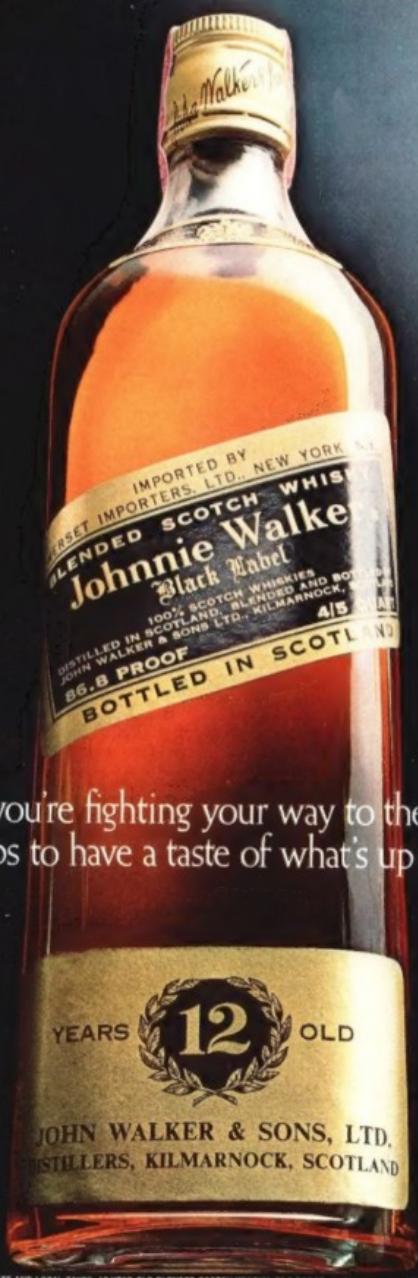
Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*The Hollow Hills*, Stewart (1 last week)
- 2—*The Billion Dollar Sure Thing*, Erdman (2)
- 3—*Breakfast of Champions*, Vonnegut (3)
- 4—*Harvest Home*, Tryon (5)
- 5—*Once Is Not Enough*, Susann (4)
- 6—*Facing the Lions*, Wicker (6)
- 7—*The Summer Before the Dark*, Lessing (10)
- 8—*The Curse of the Kings*, Holt (7)
- 9—*The Way to Dusty Death*, MacLean (8)
- 10—*Starting Over*, Wakefield (9)

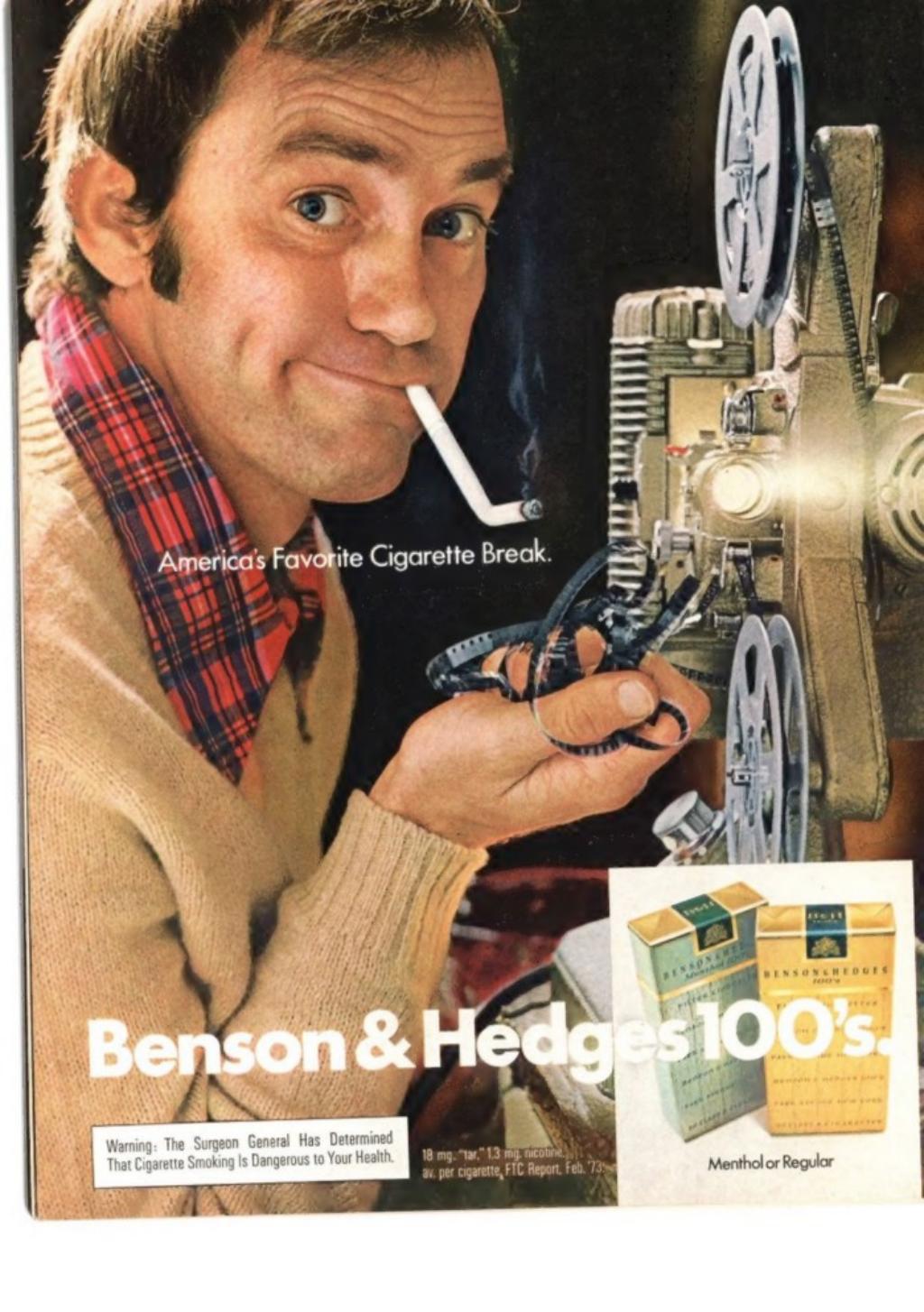
NONFICTION

- 1—*How to Be Your Own Best Friend*, Newman & Berkowitz (1)
- 2—*The Making of the President 1972*, Wills (2)
- 3—*The Joy of Sex: Comfort* (3)
- 4—*Sixty Years*, Schriber (4)
- 5—*Marilyn*, Mailer (7)
- 6—*The Sovereign State of ITT*, Sampson (5)
- 7—*Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution*, Atkins (6)
- 8—*Weight Watchers Program Cookbook*, Nidetch (10)
- 9—*Laughing All the Way*, Howar (9)
- 10—*My Young Years*, Rubinstein (8)



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